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ANOTHER NEW SERIAL TALE.

In the next number of *Harper's Weekly* we shall commence the publication of a new Serial Tale of American Life, entitled

"The Mistress of the Parsonage,"

By ELLA RODMAN;

with illustrations by Winslow Homer, Esquire.

"THE WOMAN IN WHITE," by Wilkie Collins, Esquire, was commenced in No. 152 of *Harper's Weekly*; and "THE NEW PARTNER IN CLINGHAM & CO., BANKERS," by Fitz Hugh Ludlow, Esquire, in No. 159. As *Harper's Weekly* is electrotyped, we can supply back numbers to any party who remits the money.

SPEAKER PENNINGTON.

Hon. William Pennington, better known as Governor Pennington, and henceforth, until the expiration of the Thirty-sixth Congress, to be addressed as "Mr. Speaker," is a native of Newark, in New Jersey, where he was born about sixty years ago, and where he has since resided.

His father, William S. Pennington, was one of the "Jersey Blues" who did such good service in the Continental Line during the Revolutionary struggle. He was regarded as one of the best artillerists in the army, and commanded a company in Colonel Lamb's regiment at the battle of Yorktown, which was complimented by General Washington for the prompt and efficient manner in which they handled their pieces. After the close of the war he was honored with several responsible offices by his fellow-citizens, and was Governor of the State of New Jersey from 1813 to 1815.

Mr. Pennington was educated for the legal profession, which he has followed, in his native city of Newark, with great credit to himself, and to the satisfaction of numerous clients. Gifted with a vigorous mind, with persevering application, and with a fund of practical sense applicable to all the occasions of life, he has always commanded the respect and the esteem of the community of which he has for many years been a leading citizen.

When a young man, Mr. Pennington was elected a member of the popular branch of the State Legislature; but after serving one term he declined a re-election, to devote himself more assiduously to the duties of his profession and his private affairs.

In 1837 he was nominated by the Whig party, and elected, Governor of New Jersey, which made him, *ex-officio*, Chancellor of the State and President of the Senate. He was re-elected five times by the Legislature, and during the six years of his gubernatorial service gave great satisfaction to the people. While he was Governor party politics ran high, and at the commencement of the Twenty-sixth Congress, in December, 1839, the Clerk refused to call the names of five gentlemen who claimed to have been duly elected as representatives from New Jersey, and whose credentials bore the autographic signature of Governor Pennington, with the "broad seal" of the State. A complicated struggle ensued, delaying the organization of the House until the 21st of the month, when it was perfected, but the five "broad seal" members were not admitted. Their rejection was made a party issue, and the course of Governor Pennington was canvassed throughout the land. The "broad seal" was an important element in the Presidential campaign of 1840, and the Governor was endorsed by the country.

Governor Pennington was an original supporter of the principle that home-manufacturers should receive legislative encouragement and protection. Living in the midst of an industrial community, he has always been a tariff man, and has not only recognized the expediency, but the constitutionality of what was known as Mr. Clay's American System. He is, in fact, and he always has been, a believer in the principles of the Whig Party. Throughout his public life this has always been apparent in his speeches, his writings, and his actions. He has at the same time manifested a conservative spirit, a knowledge of, and a respect for the Constitution, a veneration for the forms of our political institutions, an active faith in man's capacity for self-government, and an unconquerable hostility to arbitrary or oppressive power, in whatever guise it may exhibit itself.

Retiring from a position which he had adorned, Governor Pennington again devoted himself to his profession, although he never hesitated to avow and to sustain his political predilections.—When General Taylor became President, he, without solicitation, appointed Governor Pennington Territorial Governor of Minnesota, and the Senate confirmed the appointment. But it was not accepted, the Governor not being willing to leave his comfortable home at Newark for what was then, with the exception of settlements on the rivers, almost an unbroken wilderness.

President Fillmore, anxious to secure the services of a jurist possessing the practical business qualifications for which Governor Pennington has been so justly famed, offered him the appointment of Judge in California, under the law which provided for the legal settlement of land-titles, as established by the treaty of Guadalupe-Hidalgo. He could not, however, be tempted from the retirement of domestic life.

At the last Congressional election, however, he could not resist the importunities of his personal and political friends, and he accepted the nomination of the "People's Party," in the Fifth Congressional District. This is composed of Essex, Hudson, and Union Counties, embracing Newark, Elizabeth City, Hoboken, and Jersey City, all largely interested in manufactures. The whole number of votes cast was 21,623, of which Governor Pennington received 11,641, electing him by a majority of 1659.

Governor Pennington was warmly welcomed at Washington as one of the old-school of politicians, with an integrity of principle unquestioned and unquestionable. Conservative gentlemen of other parties expressed their willingness to aid in elevating him to the vacant Speaker's chair, for the history of his life afforded conclusive proof that in his hands the power would not in any way be improperly exercised to the injury of any section of the Republic. Ex-

HON. WILLIAM PENNINGTON, OF N. J., SPEAKER OF THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.—[From a Photograph by Brady.]

cepting, of course, Mr. Muhlenberg, the Speaker of the House during the very first session of Congress, and also Henry Clay, he is the first *new member* who has been elected Speaker. He may, in the goodness of his heart, not be as severe in his discipline as the more turbulent spirits in the House require to keep them in order, and to facilitate the transaction of business; but the integrity and firmness of his character, the urbanity of his manner, and the gentleness of his disposition render it certain that he will discharge the important duties of his position with honor to himself and advantage to the people.

In person, Mr. Speaker Pennington is one of the finest looking gentlemen in Congress. His figure is manly and erect; his features are well formed and expressive; his hair is slightly frosted by age; and he speaks in an audible, distinct tone. When he has become a little more familiar with parliamentary rule, and handles his gavel with more decision, he will be one of the best presiding officers who have thus far occupied the third position in the Government of the United States.

Socially, Mr. Speaker Pennington has those urbane and polite manners which characterize gentlemen of the generation now passing away. In his own family circle, which he has so reluctantly left to enjoy unexpected honors, he is as fondly beloved as he is highly esteemed by his neighbors and respected by his fellow-citizens. It is to be hoped that he will receive the support, in his new and arduous position, of the conservative and the order-loving Representatives.

We published the portrait of Colonel Forney, the Clerk of the House, in No. 153, which was dated December 3, 1859.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 11, 1860.

THE SPEAKERSHIP.

THE long contest has ended, and Governor William Pennington, of New Jersey, is Speaker of the House of Representatives. It is a pity the fight had not been settled before. The recovery of the general commerce of the country has been seriously retarded by the uneasiness created by the long contest for Speaker, and the accumulation of useless millions in the sub-treasuries of the United States.

We wish we could hope that the election of a Speaker would put an end to the foolish speech-making about slavery and disunion which we have lately heard *ad nauseam* in the House. Outside of Washington people understand thoroughly that these speeches, whether for or against slavery, amount to nothing; and are mere empty talk, intended to operate on constituencies at a distance. Should it be the misfortune of this country to be divided into two or more distinct nations at any future day, it is quite certain that the task of reorganization will require the aid of men of a very different calibre from the brawlers of the Thirty-sixth Congress.

Should the people of either section ever seriously contemplate such a catastrophe as disunion, they will choose them leaders, not from the loud talkers and angry mouthers of threats, but from among the hard-working and quiet members of committee whose names, thus far, have hardly been mentioned in the debates. It will be no light task for any man to prepare a practical scheme for the severance of this nation—a task for which menacing orations and coarse defiance are no sort of apprenticeship.

The Congressional reports during the next month or two may enable the careful observer to form a guess as to the names of the future leaders of the American people, whether united or disunited. They will be found among the hard-workers on committees—among the conservative, practical speakers—among the men who never pander to existing sectional prejudices—among those, in short, who really realize that they were sent to Washington to serve their country, and not themselves.

A NEW PHASE OF THE SLAVERY QUESTION.

WHILE politicians and theoretical writers are angrily discussing schemes for the extension, the limitation, and the abolition of slavery, the real slavery question—the most important problem of the age—is assuming a new phase, in obedience to the inexorable laws of trade and political economy. Not even the wisest of the statesmen of the past foresaw the perils which environ the present slavery controversy; now that those perils are generally realized, how many even of our most clear-headed and prophetic teachers perceive the changes which God's providence is preparing?

Within a fortnight negro field hands have been sold in New Orleans at prices ranging from $2200 to $2500 apiece. It is not stated, nor have we any reason to believe, that these field hands were superior to the ordinary negroes of their class: they were mere field hands—that is to say, they knew no mechanical trade. They were simply young and healthy, and they were wanted in New Orleans at $2200 @ 2500. Nor was theirs an exceptional case. We have before us records of sales of negroes at New Orleans for some months back; at most of them healthy young negroes, suited for labor on plantations, have commanded from $1800 to $2300 a head. The market-price of field negroes on the Gulf may, in a word, be said to have been firmly established at $2000 @ $2500.

Ten or twelve years ago negro field hands sold at New Orleans at from $800 to $1200—$1000 being a fair average price for first-class healthy young negroes. It is therefore no exaggeration to state that within the past ten years negroes at New Orleans have risen one hundred per cent. in value.

For the secret of this remarkable advance we must refer to the statistics of cotton production and the export of cotton. It is cotton which employs negro labor in the South; without negroes no cotton is raised; and, *vice versa*, without cotton no negroes are wanted. It follows, as a natural consequence, that the demand for (and hence the price of) negroes is dependent on the consumption and value of cotton.

Twenty years ago, in 1840, the United States exported to foreign countries 743,900,000 pounds of cotton, worth $63,870,307; being an average of 8·5 cents a pound. Ten years ago, in 1850, the United States exported to foreign countries 635,380,000 pounds of cotton, worth $71,984,606; being an average of 11 cents a pound. Both of these years, we may remark, were unusually good years for producers of cotton; that is to say, the price was above the average of that day. Last fiscal year (1858-'59) the United States exported to foreign countries cotton worth $161,434,933; being more than twice the export of that staple in 1850, only ten years before. This year the cotton export will probably exceed $180,000,000 in value; so that it may be said that the amount of cotton sent abroad between 1st September, 1859, and 1st September, 1860, will be three times as great as that which was sent abroad during the like period ten years before. A similar increase has taken place in the consumption of cotton in the United States. In the year 1848 the United States are said to have consumed 606,000 bales of cotton; in 1852, 680,000 bales; in 1856, 770,000 bales; while this year the consumption will doubtless exceed a million bales. This increase of consumption, both at home and abroad, having been accompanied, not by a decline, but by an advance in the price—middling uplands having risen from an average of 8 @ 9 cents a pound to an average of 11 @ 12 cents—the consequence has been a prodigious increase in the quantity of land planted, and consequently in the demand for labor on cotton plantations. Hence the advance in the price of field hands from $800 @ $1200 to $2000 @ $2500.

If the remarkable increase which has taken place within the past twenty years in the demand for cotton were due to accidental circumstances, it would not be safe to base any philosophical argument on the consequences of that increase. It is never safe, for instance, to found arguments upon an advance in the price of cereals; for they can be produced throughout the temperate zone, and any marked advance in the price is sure to be followed by an increase of production, and a consequent decline in market value. With cotton the case is different. Five-sixths of the entire supply of cotton furnished to the manufacturers of the world are produced near the Atlantic coast of the United States in a belt between 30° and 35° north latitude, the remaining sixth being supplied by Brazil, Egypt, Hindostan, the West Indies, Africa, etc., etc. Outside of that belt there appears to be no possibility of producing cotton, save in the countries we have mentioned—in which all the power of the Governments of England and France, and all the appliances of art and science, steadily exerted for nearly a quarter of a century, have failed to raise a crop that would keep the Manchester spinners going for more than a few weeks. At the present time all these countries together do not produce more than one of our great cotton-growing States, and the article yielded by them generally requires to be mixed with American cotton to be available for the purposes of the manufacturer. So much energy has been displayed by the British and French Governments, and so thorough have been their exertions, that it is safe to conclude that, for some years to come at all events, there can be no material increase in the production of cotton from these sources, and that the world's reliance for its annual supply must continue to be on the belt of land extending from 30° to 35° north latitude, on and near the Atlantic coast of North America.

On the other hand, looking to the probable future of the trade in cotton goods, it is impossible to escape the conviction that, unless some substitute for cotton should be discovered, that trade must go on increasing from year to year with the spread of commerce and civilization. No material is known out of which clothing can be made as cheaply and as satisfactorily as cotton. Experience proves this to be the case, for the consumption of cotton goods increases in every country from year to year, has done so for a quarter of a century, and must continue to do so. Between 1840 and 1852 the production of cotton goods in Europe doubled; between 1840 and 1860 the production of cotton goods in the United States has doubled. The increased consumption in France may be inferred from the fact that since September, 1859, to date, we have exported to that country more cotton than used to be sent to France in a whole year, prior to 1850. Every country in the world, in short, is increasing its consumption of cotton. The re-establishment of peace in Europe, the opening of China, the commencement of commercial intercourse with Japan, the settlement of Australia, the colonization of Frazer's River, the civilization of Africa, the improvement of the condition of the Hindoos—all these imply an increased consumption of cotton goods, and consequently an increased demand for the raw cotton, which, as we said, can only be produced in the United States between 30° and 35° north latitude.

If this reasoning be sound, it is safe to conclude that the advance in the price of negroes which we have noted is no accidental occurrence, but the natural consequence of a commercial necessity, and that it will be permanent. Nothing short of the reopening of the slave-trade—which the present age will not tolerate—can again reduce the price of negroes to the rates current ten and fifteen years ago.

Now there are several States of the Union which are slaveholding, but in which no cotton is grown. In these States no cause is operating to enhance the value of negro property: on the contrary, the gradual encroachments of free labor and political agitations rather tend to diminish the value of such property in these States; and it would fall much lower but for the fact that it can be transported to the cotton-growing States and there converted into money. Such States are Missouri, Kentucky, Tennessee, Virginia, Maryland, Delaware, and North Carolina. These States contained, at the census of 1850, 1,391,632 slaves. In 1857, it is probable that the number had increased to nearly 2,000,000. It is probably considerably less now. For in Virginia, Kentucky, and Missouri slave property, to hold as an investment, has seldom been worth, on the average, over five per cent. per annum; hence the advance in the price of negroes in the cotton-growing States has led to very extensive shipments of negroes South for sale at New Orleans. The movement has been going on steadily for nearly a generation, but has been especially vigorous within the past year or two—since the recent advance in negroes at the South. A gentleman who traveled up the Mississippi a fortnight since describes the negro exodus as more striking even than the Irish exodus during the famine; every boat he met was black with slaves, bound to New Orleans. It could hardly be otherwise. So far as pecuniary considerations are concerned, it is far more profitable for the owner of negroes to sell them South at the rate of $2000 for each healthy male, than to hold them in Missouri or Virginia and to receive 5 per cent. on a value ranging from $1200 to $1500.

Reverting, then, to the propositions above stated; the cause of the advance in negroes being permanent in its nature, and the effect consequently presenting every chance of permanency; it being well understood that slave-owners, in the Northern slave States, find it more profitable to ship their negroes South than to hold them where they are, and the exodus being already in full progress; the question arises—how long a period of time must elapse before the change that is going on begins to tell on the political phase of the slavery question? How long will mere political considerations avail to preserve the balance of power between the slave and the free States?

We forbear to pursue the inquiry. Its tendencies are obvious to every unbiased observer. No prophetic spirit is needed to detect the drift of opinion in the future, and the peaceful solution which will presently be discovered for evils now seemingly incurable and fatal.

Philosophers may discourse and moralists may preach, but mankind in the mass, as in the individual, is ruled by self-interest. No power in the world will in the long-run induce slave-owners in Northern slave States to retain their slave-property at a large annual loss; nor will any humanitarian or philosophical arguments induce the mass of the Northern people to uphold a crusade against the slave institution in States in which it is useful, and where it could not be dispensed with save at the cost of our cotton crop. The signs of the times are eloquent; those who run may read.

THE LOUNGER.

ABOUT MONUMENTS.

WE have a very hard time with our monuments. The money to build them comes much more reluctantly and scantily than for any other purpose. Let a Pemberton Mill tumble down, and a single society of sympathetic men subscribe twenty thousand dollars; but the grand national monument to Washington, which begs at the post-offices, in what year of grace is that to be completed? Then, several years ago, there was the Bunker Hill Monument to be built. Upon the whole, Bunker Hill is our most representative revolutionary name and hallowed spot. Webster made one of his finest "efforts" when the corner-stone was laid. *Jubilate! Exegi monumentum!* cried Boston. But Boston was mistaken.

Poor Bunker Hill! If the guns of our sires had hung fire as the monument did, there would have been no occasion for a monument. The pale gray shaft—it looks, at a distance, like a tall blind tower woven of the east wind (for the east wind is visible in Boston on a summer day)—seemed, for a long time, like Cologne Cathedral, a ruin before it was built. It looked sadly across the river to the busy city, which was briskly clambering over all the heights and stretching along the meadows in its neighborhood—itself a monument of intelligence, industry, and thrift; but the busy city was too much occupied with its own growth to attend to that of the monument; and the poor, pale fragment glimmered like a ghost, helpless and pitiful, until a Bayadère came skipping over the sea, and with one pirouette lifted the monument upon the point of her foot to completion. It is difficult for any body who remembers the early days of the "Cachuca" and "Cracovienne" to contemplate the Bunker Hill Monument without a pensive regret for Fanny Ellsler.

In the neighboring State of Rhode Island, which reveres the greatest exile Massachusetts ever sent forth, as its founder, there is no monument, no statue, not even a head-stone, to commemorate Roger Williams; and the proposition to erect some memorial has never been seconded by the sympathy of the people warmly enough to succeed. So in the work of purchasing Mount Vernon, it is certainly impossible to say when the money would have been collected except for the assistance of Mr. Everett.

The truth is that the genius of our people does not incline them to monuments or commemorative statues. The countenances of our greatest men are familiar to every body every where in the coarse lithograph likenesses that hang upon the walls of tavern bar-rooms and other places of popular resort. Besides, we grow such enormous annual crops of great men!

But to continue. Mr. Everett has issued proposals for another monument, as President of an association to erect a memorial upon Lexington Green. He is supported by a body of Vice-Presidents from every part of the country, gentlemen of what an enthusiastic French *feuilletoniste* would call a phenomenal respectability. The address to the citizens of the United States, signed by Mr. Everett, and evidently written by him, explains the grounds of the national appeal made by the Association. Lexington Green is the spot upon which armed resistance was first regularly made to the arms of Britain and the war began. Therefore it is a national spot, and the design of the proposed monument by Mr. Billings presents no Massachusetts individual, but a minute-man; for it was by minute-men that the battle was fought, and the spirit represented by them carried the Revolution.

Subscriptions are solicited.

Vermont, too, is awaking to this matter. Mr. Mead, at Brattleborough, is chiseling a heroic statue of Ethan Allen in the act of entering the fort at Ticonderoga, and demanding the surrender in the name of the great Jehovah and the Continental Congress. The figure is full of action.

Undoubtedly, whether our genius has a monumental tendency or not, a taste for such works can unquestionably be cultivated. To be sure there is the Cooper Monument—a plant of exceeding slow growth. Every subscriber ought to reflect maturely that statues and monuments are not investments that return large dividends.

Is that perhaps the reason of our monumental apathy? And *do* republics never patronize art, as graduating collegians say on Commencement Day?

ADVERTISING.

THERE is a fact of which the Lounger has spoken before, and to which he now directs the attention of all interested persons. It is this: If you have painted a picture, don't ask distinguished amateurs to commend it to public notice, under their names, in the newspapers; if you have a lecture to deliver, don't get "the following well-known citizens" to sign a letter of request to you, expressing their profound interest and that of the whole city in your views. Don't do it for many reasons, and, among them, for these:

The people who sign the letter have *not* a profound interest in the matter; they have only an *ex-officio* interest in it. Then they sign as a "get off." Did you ever see one of them present? Then, above all, every body knows that the signers know that it is a piece of transparent machinery—that whenever it appears the public take the alarm, and instead of a commendation read a condemnation, because it knows that speakers whom they wish to hear do not use nor need the machinery.

For instance, here is young Charles Vanloo. He is the favorite pupil of Lionardo da Vinci. Perhaps Charles has just painted a picture of Daniel in the Lions' Den. He naturally wishes to exhibit it, and "reap a golden harvest of fame and dollars," as the papers say that he undoubtedly will. So he talks it over with his master, and he writes:

"MY DEAR VANLOO,—Your picture is exquisite. It seems to me to combine all the *aqua fortis* of Perugino with the delicate *Mumbo Jumbo* of the later Bolognese school. The figure of the Prophet is in the sublimest *genre* vein; and as for the lions, why, my dear Charles, it will not be your fault if roars are not heard all over the Exhibition-room. I could have wished a little more glazing upon the windows of the distant palace, seen through the opening of the cave—but why should I mention it? The sun has spots. I sincerely congratulate you; and I salute you as, within a very short time, the undoubted artist in the ordinary to the Union Club. Use this as you will. But your picture is your sponsor. Cordially yours, my dear Vanloo,
"LIONARDO DA VINCI."

Who is taken in by this letter for a moment? Of course every body knows that it is an act of sheer kindness on the part of old Da Vinci; and inasmuch as the sight of props inevitably suggests

weakness, perhaps the commendatory and invitatory letter might be advantageously discontinued. If you read in the preface of a book that it is published "by the request of friends who have assured," etc., are you prepossessed in favor of that book? No, Mr. Vanloo; if you really do combine the *aqua fortis* and the delicate *Mumbo Jumbo*, the world will find it out without the letter of Mr. Da Vinci.

SURPRISING.

IT is clear that clergymen are not yet freed from the questionable compliment of a call from the parish who come and bring good things and a fat purse, and make speeches, and then——put it all in the papers! Don't misunderstand. Nothing is pleasanter than the social respect manifested by coming, and nothing often, probably, more seasonable than the money. Only, instead of carrying it as a gift, you ought to increase your clergyman's regular salary by the amount. The difficulty in the case is publishing the matter. Why don't you publish your other charities, as well as those to the minister? Why should he, of all men, be selected as the luckless individual who shall be paraded in the papers as the recipient of the bounty of his friends? The instinctive comment of every man who reads that any clergyman's society visited him and gave him "a handsome sum of money" is, "Very well! suppose they did. What on earth did they put it in the papers for?"

And why did they? They knew that nobody except the persons concerned had any interest in the matter. Why, therefore, is the public informed that Mr. James Crow made a "feeling address" upon the occasion, and that Mr Thomas Jones and Mr. Richard Swiveller also made "interesting remarks?"

Simply that the eloquence of those gentlemen and the exceeding charity of the congregation may be made known. And the whole performance, the moment it is made public, is of the most vulgar and offensive kind: can't twenty people give five hundred dollars to any friend, whether he be their pastor or not, without calling every body to see how generous they are, and inviting attention also to the fact that their friend is the recipient of their alms? If it be such a very fine thing to give the few hundreds over the salary, how much finer it would be to add them to it; in which case, it is to be hoped, it would be regarded as an affair perfectly and appropriately private between pastor and people.

PARTY SPIRIT.

AT a moment when political excitement is so warm that some sober people begin to think it is going to heat up to the burning point, it is well for them to remember that they may cool themselves oft very rapidly by reading the disquisitions of the old *Aurora* upon General Washington, and by cultivating a familiarity with the early and late feud of the Federalists and the Jefferson men.

There was the late Justice Story, who was a Jeffersonian in early life, and lived in the highly respectable old city of Salem, in Massachusetts. But Salem was the very *adytum* of Federalism. It is in Essex County, and the "Essex Junto" was—what wasn't it? So one day Master Joseph gets his head almost broken, and flies into a protecting house, pursued by a group who differ with him in politics.

So in New Hampshire, in those hot times, the Legislature, which was of one political hue, wanted to control the judges who were of another. How should it be done? Why thus: Be it enacted that all the courts in the State are abolished; Section Second: Be it enacted that new courts are created with new names! Straightway it is as if the seat of the bench had fallen out and the old judges disappear.

In the old Federal days, too, there was imprisonment of editors, etc., and eke a Hartford convention. And when the *Chesapeake* and *Shannon* engaged one morning off Cape Ann the shores and hills were covered with spectators. They were of the two kinds, the Jeffersonians and the Federalists. Suddenly a great smoke enveloped the ships. Every eye upon shore was strained, and every tongue silent, until the wind slowly blew away the cloud, and the two ships were seen sailing together toward Halifax. Even in such an ordeal of patriotic feeling the Federalists were not sorry.

Those times, like that smoke, have rolled away. There has been an "era of good feeling" since. And there will be another era of the same kind when the smoke of the present confusion lifts.

"MY CANARIES."

IN these snowy days how the birds at the windows make summer again! Sitting by a warm fire reading some fragrant, pulpy book, say "Sir Rohan's Ghost," for instance, the sudden, clear alert roulade, the trilling, eager, penetrating song of the canary changes the carpet into a June meadow, and you think you hear bobolinks. Every body likes birds. Not always in the house, indeed; and not crows or owls especially. But the little shy, glancing, singing, twittering thin , from whose mouths only pearls and rubies of music drop, they are every where welcome in April mornings, and the canaries, little exotics of song, that tender-hearted and soft-eyed young mistresses hang in sunny places among the other tender foreign plants and flowers, with them "it *is* always May," and they are dearer from their very dependence.

There is many a reader of the Lounger doubtless who either keeps birds, or wants to, and would, if she could only know just how to take care of them Will all such permit the Lounger to introduce them to "Cousin Sarah," who, under the form of a child's book, has done the very thing they desire, and from her own experience and affection tells them what they want to know? She calls it "My Canaries," and it consists of pleasant chat about real birds; what they did and sang; and how droll and interesting their little life is, and how to guard them and do the best for them. It is a charming book for children of any age, and in loving birds and flowers we are all children. That love, as any thing will, keeps the heart young.

IN RE MRS. GRUNDY.

The ludicrous distortions of a man's features in a tea-pot are hardly so droll and outrageous as the distortions of what he says, which are printed in the newspapers. It is a rule that you may disbelieve every thing you see about a man in the paper of another opinion than his. If he say that the moon looks like green cheese, he will be reported to have said that it is a lump of spring butter. His real words will be painfully disguised, and his meaning utterly misrepresented.

The worst of this is not the misrepresentation, for nobody's opinions and words are of such vast importance, but it is the contempt for men which the business naturally engenders. That a man should willfully lie about another in print or by word of mouth—and lie, with no particular hatred, but with only a general desire of injury, because a man is of another opinion, is exquisitely contemptible. And that we should all, in a certain sense, require this, by supporting it, does not elevate us in the estimation of an honest heart.

As a general rule newspapers are plasterers and gilders, upon their own side, and scavengers upon the other. Whatever the men of their side do is to be presented in the fairest possible light; and every kind of ridicule and falsehood is to be freely poured out upon the other side. We all know it—we all expect it—and yet, to a certain degree, we are all affected by it. We work hard, like boys in a dark room, to build up a terrible ghost of sheets and clothes-horses, and when we have done it, away we scamper frightened out of our wits at our own work.

Hence, at last, it seems as if no self-respecting man could respect public opinion. An opinion made by the meanest—a private prejudice and malice expressed as a general sentiment by being printed in a paper—"Why," a man says, "if that's public opinion, I shall certainly always do what it condemns. If an enemy praise me, I shall tremble. If he sneer at me, I shall be content."

And upon the whole, public opinion does not condemn immoral actions half so sharply and vindictively as it does unpopular opinions. In a dueling community, for instance, a man would probably have a much easier time if he committed a great many crimes which might be named, than if he refused to fight a duel upon conscientious grounds. How many people are known to be liars, who are yet generally recognized and tolerated, when other men of stainless character and life are taboo for abstract opinions!

All these things excite no very profound respect for Mrs. Grundy. Indeed the man is happiest who has cut her apron-strings and walks on by himself. If he find he can not do it—that the edge of his resolution is not sharp enough—then let him hold his tongue and cherish his opinions. The company of silent sympathizers who make no sign is immense. They are the great body of the free and accepted. The few who do the loud talking, or any talking, are merely as the M. W. G.'s—the most worshipful Grands—who are more conspicuous than the rest, but who only count one each. It may, however, correct a tendency to despise public opinion to remember that the unexpressed is weightier than the other; and to observe that, after being excommunicated in his own day, Luther becomes the religious hero of posterity.

THE LOUNGER'S LETTER-BOX.

—PROMETHEUS. Respectfully declined.

—CAP-ITAL writes: "You are in error as respects the origin of the term 'wide-awake,' as applied by the English to their felt hats. The name suggests the meaning to me of *their not having a nap*. Surely that's it!"

—A DEMOCRAT. Doubtless in the spring the pleasantest route to the South is the sea-route from New York, the cost of which need not be more than forty or fifty dollars. You must look at the advertisements of the Southern steamers.

—Q. D. The lines you quote are usually attached to the engraving of Landseer's Sanctuary. They are entirely in the vein of Pope's famous figure of the wounded deer. The Lounger does not know the author.

"See the startled wild fowl screaming rise,
And seek, in marshaled flight, those golden skies.
Yon wearied swimmer scarce can reach the land;
His limbs yet falter on the watery strand.
Poor hunted hart! the painful struggle o'er,
How blest the shelter of that island shore!
Then while he sobs his panting heart to rest,
Nor hound nor hunter shall his lair molest."

—JOSEPH. "Is Mrs. Browning the author of the beautiful poem to a child, 'Philip, my King?'" No. Miss Muloch, who wrote "John Halifax," is the author. You will find it in her volume of poems lately published in Boston.

—INQUIRER. No, there is no monument to Roger Williams in Rhode Island. The spot of his burial is a little uncertain. The question has been often discussed in the little State, and it is a matter of curiosity that it has not yet determined to erect a proper memorial. The inhabitants contend that the State itself is the best monument of its founder; but the natural inquiry is, whether it would be any the less so if it had a statue of the great heresiarch to look upon? You will find the best account of Roger Williams in the first volume of Arnold's "History of Rhode Island," with which you can compare what Palfrey says in his "History of New England." The latter gives the Massachusetts, and the former the Rhode Island, view of the sturdy old disputant, who, when he was more than seventy years old, rowed in an open boat to Newport to debate with George Fox. Fox had gone, but the dispute was held, and Roger proclaimed that he was victorious.

—ANON A. MOUSE. It was Horace Smith (or his brother) who wrote the address to a mummy:

"And thou hast walked about, how strange a story!
In Thebes streets three thousand years ago."

—H. W. C. When an Englishman speaks of "a frock" he means, if he is talking of men, what we call a frock-coat.

—W. H. "Madge" has been mislaid.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

A GREEN sprig from the Emerald Isle entered a boot and shoe shop to purchase himself a pair of brogans. After overhauling his stock-in-trade without being able to suit his customer, the shoemaker hinted that he would make him a pair to order. "An' what'll yer ax to make a good pair of 'em?' was the query. The price was named, the Irishman demurred, but after a "bating down" the bargain was made. Paddy was about leaving, when the other called after him, asking, "But what size shal I make them, Sir?"—"Och," cried Paddy, promptly, "I don't mind about the size at all—make them as large as ye convaniently can for the money."

Beauty is a great thing, but learning is better. In the estimation of the ancients, even, the Muses counted for three times as much as the Graces.

"Boy, where do you come from, and how do you live?"—"Come from Galway, and live by ating."—"Would you like something to do?"—"Don't care, if it ain't hard work."—"Well, boy, if you like, I will set you up in a business that will prove both pleasant and profitable!"—"Go ahead, I'm ready!"—"Well, you go somewhere and steal a basket, and then go round begging for cold victuals, and you may have half you get!"

A Yorkshireman, whose orchard had been frequently pilfered, grafted some very sour apple stems on the lower limbs of his trees. The result, as described by himself, was as follows: "Now the boys, seein' sich good-lookin' apples handy, jump the fence, seize the furst fair one they can reach, take one bite—but after one bite they never wait to take another, but run right off, as fast as legs can carry them, to my neighbor Simmons's orchard, to get one of his large Ribstons to take the sour taste out of their mouths. My orchard certainly has no good reputation—but I save my fruit."

I gave her a rose and gave her a ring, and I asked her to marry me then; but she sent them all back, the insensible thing, and said she'd no notion of men. I told her I'd oceans of money and goods—tried to frighten her with a growl; but she answered she wasn't brought up in the woods, to be scared at the screech of an owl. I called her a baggage and every thing bad, I slighted her features and form; till at length I succeeded in getting her mad, and she raged like the sea in a storm. And then in a moment I turned and smiled, and called her my angel and all, she fell in my arms like a wearisome child, and exclaimed, "We will marry this fall!"

Mehitabel Merit, a young lady over twenty-nine, who never had a chance to change the alliterative character of her name, was seated over the fire in her little sitting-room, when a knock was heard, and who should make his appearance but Solomon Periwinkle. "Why," thought she, "I wonder what he's come for; can it be—" But we won't divulge the thought that passed through the lady's mind. "How do you do, Miss Merit?" "Pretty well, I thank you, Mr. Periwinkle. Not but I feel a little lonely now and then." "You see, as I was coming by, I thought I would just step in and ask you a question about—that is, about—" "I suppose," thought Miss Merit, "he means about the state of my heart." "The fact is," said Solomon, who was rather bashful, "I feel a little delicate about asking, but I hope you won't think it strange." "Oh no," whimpered Miss M., "I don't think it at all strange; and, in fact, I have been somehow expecting it." "Oh!" said Solomon, rather surprised, "I believe you have in your possession something of mine." "His heart, he means," said Miss M., aside. "Well, Sir, it may afford you pleasure to learn that you have mine in return. It is fully and entirely your own." "What! I got your umbrella?" exclaimed Solomon in amazement. "I think you must be mistaken, and I don't think I'd like to exchange mine for it, for mine was given me." "I beg your pardon," said the discomfited lady, "but I made a mistake. I quite forgot your umbrella, which I borrowed some time ago. Here it is. I was thinking of something else." "If," said Solomon, "there is any thing of yours that I have got, I shall be happy to return it." "Well, no, it's no matter," stammered Miss M., coloring. "Good-morning!"

A genuine bully called upon a "Friend" avowedly to thrash him. "Friend," remonstrated the Quaker, knocking down the visitor's fists, "before thou proceedest to chastise me, wilt thou not take some dinner?" The bully was a glutton, and at once consented, washing down the solids with libations of strong ale. He rose up again to fulfill his original errand. "Friend," said the Quaker, "wilt thou not first take some punch?" and he supplied abundance of punch. The bully, now staggering, attempted to thrash his entertainer, but quoth the Quaker, "Friend, wilt thou not take a pipe?" This hospitable offer was accepted, and the bully, utterly weak, staggered across the room to chastise the Quaker. The latter, opening the window, and pulling him toward it, thus addressed him: "Friend, thou camest hither not to be pacified. I gave thee a meat-offering, but that did not asuage thy rage; I gave thee a drink-offering, still thou wert beside thyself; I gave thee a burnt-offering, neither did that suffice; and now will I try thee with a heave-offering" and with that he tossed him out of the window. That sufficed him.

A person was repeating before Martainville the old maxim, "Who pays his debts enriches himself." "Bah!" rejoined Martainville, "that is an idle rumor which creditors are endeavoring to circulate."

Horace Walpole tells a story of the Lord Mayor of London, in his time, who, having heard that a friend had the small-pox twice, and died of it, inquired if he died the first time or second.

"I really can't express my thanks," as the boy said to the schoolmaster when he gave him a thrashing.

If forty-nine inches make an *ell*, how many ells make an *el*-ephant?

That was a triumphant appeal of an Irishman who was a lover of antiquity, who, in arguing the superiority of old architecture over the new, said, "Where will you find any modern building that has lasted so long as the ancient?"

"I'll let you know when I come again," as the rheumatism said to the leg.

"So I understand, Mr. Tooke, you have all the blackguards in London with you," said O'Brien to him on the hustings at Westminster. "I am happy to have it, Sir, on such good authority."

The old fogy who poked his head from "behind the times" had it knocked soundly by a "passing event."

A little servant girl took the order to "string beans" literally, and had got about three feet in length when her mistress discovered her blunder.

"Why do you walk, Bob, when you've got a donkey to ride?" said a gentleman to an Irish lad who was walking by the side of his donkey.

"Sure, then," replied the boy, "I'm just walking to rest me legs."

A would-be erudite young man, wishing to ask a young lady if he might speak with her, wanted to know if he could roll the wheel of conversation round the axle-tree of her understanding for a moment. The poor girl fainted.

A shoemaker was taken up for bigamy and brought before the sitting magistrate. "Which wife," asked a by-stander, "will he be obliged to take?" Brown, always ready at a joke, replied, "He is a cobbler, and of course must stick to his *last*."

"What are you fencing in that pasture for? Forty acres of it would starve a cow." "Certainly; and so I am fencing it to keep my cows out."

A New York mercantile house held an unsettled claim of long standing against a lame duck "out here;" and hearing he was becoming "well-to-do," sent their claim on to a Western lawyer to collect. In due time they received a reply, which effectually "laid" any hope they might have entertained of receiving their money. It ran in this wise:

"Gents, you will never get any spondulick from Bill Johnson. The undersigned called upon him yesterday, and found him with nary tile (ne'er a hat), his feet upon the naked earth, and not clothes enough upon him to *wad a gun*." We call that an expressive simile.

Mademoiselle Georges, the celebrated French actress, was starring in the provinces. One evening, after the fall of the curtain, the beaux assembled around to congratulate her. "Ah, gentlemen," said she, "to play that part well, one ought to be young and beautiful." "Oh, madame," answered one, the sharpest of the beaux, "you have proved the contrary."

A gentleman named Dunlop, being present at a party where one of the company had made several puns on the names of the persons present, remarked that he had never heard his name punned upon, and didn't believe it could be done. "There is nothing in the world more easy, Sir," replied the punster. "Just *lop* off half the name, and it is *dun*."

A shrewd old gentleman once said to his daughter, "Be sure, my dear, you never marry a poor man; but remember, the poorest man in the world is one that has money, and nothing else."

According to the old mythology, Neptune, the sea-god, created the horse, and was the patron of horse-races. This probably accounts for the fact that people who patronize the race-course so frequently get "half seas over."

A terrible Bore—The bore of the Armstrong gun.

Bow to destiny. One of these days he may be polite and return your bow.

Why is a fool in high station like a man in a balloon?—Because every body appears little to him, and he appears little to every body.

Relieve misfortune quickly. A man is like an egg—the longer he is kept in hot water the harder he is when taken out.

If a woman could talk out of the two corners of her mouth at the same time, there would be a good deal to be said on both sides.

A man who employs people to work for him should not be more careful to feed his stomach than his hands.

A popular writer says it is not the drinking, but the getting sober, that is so terrible in a drunkard's life. Some persons, influenced probably by this important consideration, seem to have deliberately resolved never to get sober.

CURIOSITIES.

A plate of butter from the cream of a "joke."
A small quantity of tar supposed to have been left where the Israelites pitched their tents.
The original brush used in painting the "signs of the times."
A bucket of water from "All's well."
Soap with which a man was washed overboard.
The strap which is used to sharpen the water's edge.
The pencil with which Britannia ruled the wave.
A portion of yeast used in raising the wind.
A dime from the moon when she gave change for the last quarter.
The saucer belonging to the cup of sorrow.
A fence made of the railing of a scolding wife.
The chair in which the sun sets.
The hammer which broke up the meeting.
A buckle to fasten a laughing stock.
Eggs from a nest of thieves.
Hinges and lock from the trunk of an elephant.
A sketch from a politician's views.
Rockers from the Cradle of Liberty.
A feather from the wings of a flying report.

At the University of Virginia, several years ago, there was a young student preparing himself for the law. Whenever under the excitement of liquor, he would imagine himself a young Patrick Henry, and would make rare oratorical efforts. On one occasion when he had partaken pretty freely, he imagined that he had been grossly insulted. Leveling his finger at the offender, he gave vent to his wrath in the following flight: "If you repeat that insult, Sir, before yon sun illumines the western horizon your mangled corse will furnish food for the ravens, and the lamentable cries of your widow and fatherless children will be wafted in every breeze."

READING CHARACTER IN WRITING.—There are persons who profess to judge of character by handwriting; and to judge from their advertisements, there is very little doubt that their profession pays them. Yet their judgments, after all, are mere matters of guess-work. They base them, as the gipsies do, on the mere pretense of simply looking at the hand. Now, writing a good hand by no means generally implies the having a good head. Still less is it indicative of having a good heart. A man may be remarkable for the superfinest qualities, and yet may write the coarsest and most commonplace of hands. He may have the clearest brain, and yet may sign his name so puzzlingly that nobody can read it. Many a man, indeed, who can not write his name at all, may, without untruth, be looked on as a man of mark.

REMARK ON DRESS.—If a hat is a tile, straw-bonnets are thatch.

THE WREATH AND THE WEARER.—An artificial florist describes himself as "Head Gardener to the Ladies."

BRANDY-AND-WATER BY DEGREES.—Brandy-and-water. Branwater. Bramwater. Bramwarra. Bramwar. Bremwar. Bamwr-wrr-rr. Brr-eughph!

Some persons seem to suppose that, as soon as they have breakfasted, it is their bounden duty to devote themselves entirely to the great business of the day—thinking of dinner.

"Miss, what have you done to be ashamed of that you blush so?"—"Sir, what have the roses and the strawberries and the peaches done that *they* blush so?"

"Pa, they tell us about the angry ocean: what makes the ocean angry?"—"Oh! it has been *crossed* so often."

It is a legal maxim that "the law does not concern itself about small matters;" but lawyers and law-makers often do.

"Have pity on a blind woman!" cried an athletic beggar man to a passer-by.—"You must be mad as well as blind," was the answer; "you look more like a stout able *man* than a poor blind woman."—"Ah, Sir," replied the beggar, "that's true enough; but as I took the place of my poor blind sister that's dead, I have to go on with the business in her name; and if I said I was a strong man, of course nobody would pity me."

"Though lost to sight, to memory dear," as the maiden said to her lover when his face was buried in beard and whiskers.

Why is a cat's tail like a swan's bosom?—Because it grows down.

Uniform love is now defined as the love of a girl for a soldier.

A cockney being asked why he married a second time, replied, "Because it was *re-wiving*."

The young woman who was "driven to distraction," now fears that she will have to walk back.

"THE SAILOR BOY LAY DEAD AND COLD UPON THE SUNNY DECK."

THE RETURN OF THE "FIRE-FLY."

"WE'RE into port at last, Fred, we've pass'd the harbor bar,
I see the vane upon the spire blaze like a fiery star.
The town's in sight, I see the cliffs, the very torrent's track,
And the windows at St. Arthur's flashing all the sunlight back.

"Fred, rouse your heart for this, man! just think of mother's joy,
And of our dear blind father's pride in you, his youngest boy.
Fancy how madcap Mary in a breath will laugh and cry,
And, more than all, how one you know will greet you by-and-by.

"Nay, never look so white, man: remember when we lay
Becalm'd for five long days and nights in Trinidado's bay.
You said 'twould bring back life and strength to heart and arm once more,
Could you but feel the wind that breath'd along our own old shore.

"And now 'tis here: I smell the thyme and broom from off the down,
I see the yellow gorse that girds the hill-top like a crown.
I can not blame your weakness, boy, *my* tears could almost flow,
To think of nearing all we left three weary years ago.

"I'm sure they're thinking of us now with anxious hearts at home,
I warrant me they've heard long since the gallant *Fire-fly's* come;
And little Mary will have been, a hundred times to-day,
Begging a peep through Walter's glass, and watching on the quay.

"We'll not be half an hour at home ere Katie will be there,
Blushing like any half-blown rose, as modest as she's fair.
What! not a word or smile at *that?* as if I did not know
For whom you've bought the shawl and wreath you've safely stowed below.

"Huzza! we're come to anchor; I see the steamers' smoke;
A little time, and we shall sit amid our own dear folk.
Come, let me help you up, Fred, by this you're rested well."
But the cheery words and loving voice on heedless senses fell.

The sailor boy lay dead and cold upon the sunny deck,
A little lock of golden hair hung from his bended neck.
'Twas just as well—he ne'er could know that on *his* Katie's breast
Another's child look'd up and smiled before it sank to rest.

HON. WILLIAM PORCHER MILES, OF SOUTH CAROLINA.

W. PORCHER MILES, Esq., the Representative from the Charleston District of South Carolina, was born therein, on the Fourth of July, 1822. His ancestors for eight successive generations had been inhabitants of the Palmetto State, to which the Miles family emigrated from England when it was a loyal colony, and where they rendered good service during the struggle which resulted in establishing it as a sovereign member of the Original Confederation. His paternal grandmother was a Porcher, one of those old Huguenot families which brought the best blood of France across the ocean, and he is bound by many other strong ties of kindred and association to his home. Of that home he is emphatically a representative man. "I will act with the Democratic party," said he, about a year since, on the floor of the House, "faithfully, honestly, truly, and heartily, where I can do so conscientiously and consistently with the rights and honor of my State and section. When they call on me to depart one iota, the half of a hair-breadth, from that course, I turn my back upon them and leave them forever. Yes, Sir, I am willing to avow myself a sectional man. I come here to represent, in part, the State of South Carolina, and her rights and interests are first in my estimation, and foremost in my heart at all times."

After having acquired the rudiments of education, young Miles was placed at the celebrated academy at Willington, conducted by Dr. Waddel, a son of the preceptor and brother-in-law of John C. Calhoun. While there, he not only became well versed in the classics and mathematics, but had admirable opportunities for investigating the relation which the States and the General Government bear to each other. The great statesman of South Carolina was then proclaiming the doctrine that the General Government emanated from the people of the several States, forming distinct political communities, and acting in their separate and sovereign capacity, and not from all of the people, forming one aggregate political community. It was not to be wondered at that these views were adopted by a large majority of the South Carolinians then growing up, and these youth are now the master-spirits who control the political movements of at least fifteen States of the Confederation.

Entering the college of Charleston, young Miles was soon ranked among the most diligent students in his class, displaying a remarkable proficiency in classical studies. When he graduated he received the highest honor; and his valedictory at the commencement exercises elicited high praises from the audience, which included Lord Morpeth, now the Earl of Carlisle, who warmly congratulated the orator.

After leaving college, Mr. Miles commenced the study of law in the office of Edward M'Cready, Esq.; but after having been thus occupied about a year, he was elected Assistant Professor of Mathematics at the college of Charleston. Responding to this call to serve his *alma mater*, he accepted the position, and, while performing the arduous duties connected with it, continued to pursue his studies with unostentatious assiduity. The large stores of varied knowledge accumulated he has mentally digested, and retains in readiness for immediate use when occasion requires.

In August, 1855, Mr. Miles was a prominent member of that devoted band of humanitarians which left their homes in response to the Macedonian cry from the pestilence-stricken city of Norfolk, "Come over and help us!" While almost every State nobly contributed money, South Carolina also sent men! Nor is there a brighter page on her proud chronicle of the deeds of her sons than that on which is inscribed the services of Mr. Miles and his comrades at Norfolk. Their fortitude and perseverance in the prosecution of their arduous labors—the kindness and attention with which they ministered at the bedsides of the sick—and the fearless and undaunted courage manifested by them during a period of such awful solemnity and peril—all won them the heartfelt thanks of the survivors at Norfolk, and the gratitude of their fellow-citizens at home.

The people of Charleston testified their appreciation of the heroic conduct of Mr. Miles by nominating him for the mayoralty before he returned. On reaching his home he accepted this nomination, and, in the course of his remarks, he eloquently and completely vindicated himself from charges of connection with the proscriptive Know Nothing party which had been brought against him. He showed clearly that they had been based on garbled extracts from a speech delivered by him before a literary association, and fully exculpated himself from the charge brought.

Mr. Miles commenced his labors as Mayor of Charleston in November, 1855, and developed talents as an administrative officer and as a magistrate which have laid the firmest foundation for his official reputation. During the two years that he presided over the municipal government of Charleston many important reforms and changes were carried out, and new measures of merit were also inaugurated—an excellent Board of Aldermen seconding and supporting the Mayor. The financial management was also reformed, and the city government not only determined that they would "pay as they went," but they put into practical operation a scheme (originated by James G. Holmes, Esq.) for so liquidating the public debt of the city that in thirty years from that time it will have been extinguished.

Important sanitary reforms were also inaugurated, among them a system of "tidal drainage," to the successful operation of which is attributed the diminution of sickness in the subsequent summers. The police force, as reorganized by Mayor Miles, became one of the best in the country. It has a chief, two captains, six lieutenants, eighteen sergeants, and one hundred privates, with an additional force of fifty mounted men. These mounted policemen, especially recommended by Mayor Miles, are remarkably effective, and are regarded as the most valuable part of the whole system.

In 1857 the retirement of Governor Aiken, who had represented the Congressional District composed of Charleston and the surrounding parishes, induced the numerous friends of Mr. Miles to present him as a candidate. He was triumphantly elected, defeating General James Gadsden, who had been the Minister of the United States at Mexico, and also Colonel John Cunningham, an ex-editor of the American organ.

On taking his seat in the House of Representatives Mr. Miles was immediately placed upon the important Committee of Commerce, where he industriously examined the many bills and petitions referred to these guardians of the commercial interests of the country. Not only did he secure the passage of a large appropriation for completing a new custom-house at Charleston, where such a building was needed, and look after the individual interests of his own constituents who are engaged in commercial pursuits, but he carefully studied and effectively demonstrated the resources of the Southern States.

The removal of writing-desks and cumbersome chairs from the Hall of the House of Representatives, and the present arrangement of seats (as in the British Parliament), by which the members are

HON. WILLIAM PORCHER MILES, OF CHARLESTON, SOUTH CAROLINA.

[FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BRADY.]

brought together in a smaller space, and enabled to transact business with greater facility, is the work of Mr. Miles, who proposed the change, and pertinaciously urged its adoption. He also proposed another important reform, which, if adopted, would save the country from the infliction of political essays, generally patched up by the literary *Bohemians* who haunt the Capitol, and palmed off on confiding constituencies as the productions of indolent or incompetent Representatives. The resolution offered by Mr. Miles provided "That hereafter no speech by any member of this House shall be published in the *Daily Globe*, unless it has been actually delivered in the House; and that a deduction of $500 be made from the pay of the said newspaper for every violation of this prohibition." This desirable reform was stifled by an "objection," and the mails are loaded down, as before, with speeches bought at prices ranging from twenty to one hundred dollars, and often not even read, yet published by courtesy as "delivered in the House of Representatives of the United States."

At the close of his Congressional term Mr. Miles was re-elected without opposition, and took his seat among the Representatives of South Carolina in the 36th Congress.

In a speech on the organization of the House, delivered a few weeks since, Mr. Miles frankly stated that the position of himself and of his political associates is simply this:

"That the Southern States, being the sole judges of what is best for their own interests, and for their own peace and security, can, whenever they choose, take their destinies into their own hands. We do not intend, therefore, to indulge in any 'bluster or bravado' as to what we can do in the event of a disruption of the Union. That is a matter that declamation, menace, rhetorical flourishes, even sober argument, will throw very little light upon; it will have to be submitted to the stern arbitrament of arms. I say that, because I believe that will be inevitable; not because the South would, in case she thought proper (in accordance with her constitutional rights) to retire from this Confederacy, desire to make war upon the North; but because we are constantly warned that, in such an event, the North would make war upon us. Yes, Sir, we are told that if we attempt to exercise our undoubted right to withdraw from this Government, in which, as sovereign States, we are peers and equals, we will be treated as revolted provinces, and subjugated by force of arms! Well, Sir, the South is arming; and if she be not allowed to secede in peace, she will do it at the cost of war. She is the sole judge of the reasons which shall justify her, and the time when it will be expedient for her to break her connection with her Northern co-States. * * * When it shall become inevitable, the South will take the judgment of the tribunal of nations. She will assume her independent position among the Powers of the earth, and none 'can make her afraid.' She will march on steadily to the fulfillment of her high mission, desiring the friendship of all—dreading the enmity of none. If attacked, she will be ready to face the world in arms; for Justice and Truth will be on her side, and her trust will be in the God of battles, who is likewise the God of justice and truth!"

The Huguenot origin of Mr. Miles has been mentioned; it is legibly stamped on his lineaments and exhibited in his deportment. The descendants of those gallant French Protestants have not the sagacious worldliness of the Scotch Covenanters, or the calculating coldness of the English Puritans, or the wild enthusiasm of the Swiss Lutherans—but they have inherited the noble, the gifted, and the genial traits of *la belle France*, with more energy, more earnestness, and more mental ballast than has characterized that land since the massacre of St. Bartholomew. Mr. Miles has a graceful yet manly figure—a capacious forehead, trenched with the traces of thought—a steady, impressive gaze—an honest and gracious smile lurking about the corners of his resolute lips—and the courteous manners of the old school of educated gentlemen, rare and ripe as a glass of Madeira that has passed a score or more of years in the genial temperature of Charleston.

THE WOMAN IN WHITE.

BY WILKIE COLLINS.

AUTHOR OF "THE DEAD SECRET," "AFTER DARK," ETC., ETC.

[Printed from advance proof-sheets purchased from the author exclusively for "Harper's Weekly."]

MISS HALCOMBE'S NARRATIVE CONTINUED.

* * * * * *

BLACKWATER PARK, HAMPSHIRE.

June 27.—Six months to look back on—six long, lonely months since Laura and I last saw each other!

How many days have I still to wait? Only one! To-morrow, the twenty-eighth, the travelers return to England. I can hardly realize my own happiness; I can hardly believe that the next four-and-twenty hours will complete the last day of separation between Laura and me.

She and her husband have been in Italy all the winter, and afterward in the Tyrol. They come back, accompanied by Count Fosco and his wife, who propose to settle somewhere in the neighborhood of London, and who have engaged to stay at Blackwater Park for the summer months before deciding on a place of residence. So long as Laura returns, no matter who returns with her. Sir Percival may fill the house from floor to ceiling, if he likes, on condition that his wife and I inhabit it together.

Meanwhile, here I am, established at Blackwater Park; "the ancient and interesting seat" (as the county history obligingly informs me) "of Sir Percival Glyde, Bart."—and the future abiding place (as I may now venture to add, on my own account) of plain Marian Halcombe, spinster, now settled in a snug little sitting-room, with a cup of tea by her side, and all her earthly possessions ranged round her in three boxes and a bag.

I left Limmeridge yesterday, having received Laura's delightful letter from Paris the day before. I had been previously uncertain whether I was to meet them in London or in Hampshire; but this last letter informed me that Sir Percival proposed to land at Southampton, and to travel straight on to his country-house. He has spent so much money abroad that he has none left to defray the expenses of living in London for the remainder of the season; and he is economically resolved to pass the summer and autumn quietly at Blackwater. Laura has had more than enough of excitement and change of scene, and is pleased at the prospect of country tranquillity and retirement which her husband's prudence provides for her. As for me, I am ready to be happy any where in her society. We are all, therefore, well contented in our various ways, to begin with.

Last night I slept in London, and was delayed there so long to-day, by various calls and commissions, that I did not reach Blackwater this evening till after dusk.

Judging by my vague impressions of the place, thus far, it is the exact opposite of Limmeridge. The house is situated on a dead flat, and seems to be shut in—almost suffocated, to my north-country notions—by trees. I have seen nobody but the man-servant who opened the door to me, and the housekeeper, a very civil person, who showed me the way to my own room, and got me my tea. I have a nice little boudoir and bedroom, at the end of a long passage on the first floor. The servants' and some of the spare rooms are on the second floor; and all the living rooms are on the ground-floor. I have not seen one of them yet, and I know nothing about the house, except that one wing of it is said to be five hundred years old; that it had a moat round it once; and that it gets its name of Blackwater from a lake in the park.

"THERE, CROUCHED UP IN THE FARTHEST CORNER," ETC.

Eleven o'clock has just struck, in a ghostly and solemn manner, from a turret over the centre of the house, which I saw when I came in. A large dog has been woke, apparently by the sound of the bell, and is howling and yawning drearily, somewhere round a corner. I hear echoing footsteps in the passage below, and the iron thumping of bolts and bars at the house-door. The servants are evidently going to bed. Shall I follow their example?

No: I am not half sleepy enough. Sleepy, did I say? I feel as if I should never close my eyes again. The bare anticipation of seeing that dear face and hearing that well-known voice, to-morrow, keeps me in a perpetual fever of excitement. If I only had the privileges of a man, I would order out Sir Percival's best horse instantly, and tear away on a night-gallop, eastward, to meet the rising sun—a long, hard, heavy, ceaseless gallop of hours and hours, like the famous highwayman's ride to York. Being, however, nothing but a woman, condemned to patience, propriety, and petticoats for life, I must respect the housekeeper's opinions, and try to compose myself in some feeble and feminine way.

Reading is out of the question—I can't fix my attention on books. Let me try if I can write myself into sleepiness and fatigue. My journal has been very much neglected of late. What can I recall—standing, as I now do, on the threshold of a new life—of persons and events, of chances and changes, during the past six months—the long, weary, empty interval since Laura's wedding-day?

Walter Hartright is uppermost in my memory; and he passes first in the shadowy procession of my absent friends. I received a few lines from him, after the landing of the expedition in Honduras, written more cheerfully and hopefully than he has written yet. A month or six weeks later I saw an extract from an American newspaper describing the departure of the adventurers on their inland journey. They were last seen entering a wild primeval forest, each man with his rifle on his shoulder and his baggage at his back. Since that time civilization has lost all trace of them. Not a line more have I received from Walter; not a fragment of news from the expedition has appeared in any of the public journals.

The same dense, disheartening obscurity hangs over the fate and fortunes of Anne Catherick and her companion, Mrs. Clements. Nothing whatever has been heard of either of them. Whether they are in the country or out of it, whether they are living or dead, no one knows. Even Sir Percival's solicitor has lost all hope, and has ordered the useless search after the fugitives to be finally given up.

Our good old friend Mr. Gilmore has met with a sad check in his active professional career. Early in the spring we were alarmed by hearing that he had been found insensible at his desk, and that the seizure had been pronounced to be an apoplectic fit. He had been long complaining of fullness and oppression in the head; and his doctor had warned him of the consequences that would follow his persistency in continuing to work, early and late, as if he was still a young man. The result now is that he has been positively ordered to keep out of his office for a year to come at least, and to seek repose of body and relief of mind by altogether changing his usual mode of life. The business is left, accordingly, to be carried on by his partner; and he is himself, at this moment, away in Germany visiting some relations who are settled there in mercantile pursuits. Thus another true friend and trust-worthy adviser is lost to us—lost, I earnestly hope and trust, for a time only.

Poor Mrs. Vesey traveled with me as far as London. It was impossible to abandon her to solitude at Limmeridge after Laura and I had both left the house; and we have arranged that she is to live with an unmarried younger sister of hers who keeps a school at Clapham. She is to come here this autumn to visit her pupil—I might almost say, her adopted child. I saw the good old lady safe to her destination; and left her in the care of her relative, quietly happy at the prospect of seeing Laura again in a few months' time.

As for Mr. Fairlie, I believe I am guilty of no injustice if I describe him as being unutterably relieved by having the house clear of us women. The idea of his missing his niece is simply preposterous—he used to let months pass in the old times without attempting to see her—and, in my case and Mrs. Vesey's, I take leave to consider his telling us both that he was half heart-broken at our departure to be equivalent to a confession that he was secretly rejoiced to get rid of us. His last caprice has led him to keep two photographers incessantly employed on producing sun-pictures of all the treasures and curiosities in his possession. One complete copy of the collection of photographs is to be presented to the Mechanics' Institution of Carlisle, mounted on the finest cardboard, with ostentatious red-letter inscriptions underneath. "Madonna and Child, by Raphael. In the possession of Frederick Fairlie, Esquire." "Copper coin of the period of Tiglath-Pileser. In the possession of Frederick Fairlie, Esquire." "Unique Rembrandt etching. Known all over Europe as *The Smudge*, from a printer's blot in the corner which exists in no other copy. Valued at three hundred guineas. In the possession of Frederick Fairlie, Esquire." Dozens of photographs of this sort, and all inscribed in this manner, were completed before I left Cumberland, and hundreds more remain to be done. With this new interest to occupy him, Mr. Fairlie will be a happy man for months and months to come; and the two unfortunate photographers will share the social martyrdom which he has hitherto inflicted on his valet alone.

So much for the persons and events which hold the foremost place in my memory. What next of the one person who holds the foremost place in my heart? Laura has been present to my thoughts all the while I have been writing these lines. What can I recall of her, during the past six months, before I close my journal for the night?

I have only her letters to guide me; and, on the most important of all the questions which our correspondence can discuss, every one of those letters leaves me in the dark.

Does he treat her kindly? Is she happier now than she was when I parted with her on the wedding-day? All my letters have contained these two inquiries, put more or less directly, now in one form, and now in another; and all,

on that one point only, have remained without reply, or have been answered as if my questions merely related to the state of her health. She informs me, over and over again, that she is perfectly well; that traveling agrees with her; that she is getting through the winter, for the first time in her life, without catching cold—but not a word can I find any where which tells me plainly that she is reconciled to her marriage, and that she can now look back to the twenty-third of December without any bitter feelings of repentance and regret. The name of her husband is only mentioned in her letters as she might mention the name of a friend who was traveling with them, and who had undertaken to make all the arrangements for the journey. "Sir Percival" has settled that we leave on such a day; "Sir Percival" has decided that we travel by such a road. Sometimes she writes "Percival" only, but very seldom—in nine cases out of ten she gives him his title.

I can not find that his habits and opinions have changed and colored hers in any single particular. The usual moral transformation which is insensibly wrought in a young, fresh, sensitive woman by her marriage, seems never to have taken place in Laura. She writes of her own thoughts and impressions, amidst all the wonders she has seen, exactly as she might have written to some one else, if I had been traveling with her instead of her husband. I see no betrayal any where of sympathy of any kind existing between them. Even when she wanders from the subject of her travels, and occupies herself with the prospects that await her in England, her speculations are busied with her future as my sister, and persistently neglect to notice her future as Sir Percival's wife. In all this there is no under tone of complaint, to warn me that she is absolutely unhappy in her married life. The impression I have derived from our correspondence does not, thank God, lead me to any such distressing conclusion as that. I only see a sad torpor, an unchangeable indifference, when I turn my mind from her in the old character of a sister, and look at her, through the medium of her letters, in the new character of a wife. In other words, it is always Laura Fairlie who has been writing to me for the last six months, and never Lady Glyde.

The strange silence which she maintains on the subject of her husband's character and conduct she preserves with almost equal resolution in the few references which her later letters contain to the name of her husband's bosom friend, Count Fosco.

For some unexplained reason the Count and his wife appear to have changed their plans abruptly, at the end of last autumn, and to have gone to Vienna, instead of going to Rome, at which latter place Sir Percival had expected to find them when he left England. They only quitted Vienna in the spring, and traveled as far as the Tyrol to meet the bride and bridegroom on their homeward journey. Laura writes readily enough about the meeting with Madame Fosco, and assures me that she has found her aunt so much changed for the better—so much quieter and so much more sensible as a wife than she was as a single woman—that I shall hardly know her again when I see her here. But on the subject of Count Fosco (who interests me infinitely more than his wife) Laura is provokingly circumspect and silent. She only says that he puzzles her, and that she will not tell me what her impression of him is until I have seen him, and formed my own opinion first. This, to my mind, looks ill for the Count. Laura has preserved, far more perfectly than most people do in later life, the child's subtle faculty of knowing a friend by instinct; and, if I am right in assuming that her first impression of Count Fosco has not been favorable, I, for one, am in some danger of doubting and distrusting that illustrious foreigner before I have so much as set eyes on him. But patience, patience; this uncertainty, and many uncertainties more, can not last much longer. To-morrow will see all my doubts in a fair way of being cleared up, sooner or later.

Twelve o'clock has struck, and I have just

come back to close these pages, after looking out at my open window.

It is a still, sultry, moonless night. The stars are dull and few. The trees, that shut out the view on all sides, look dimly black and solid in the distance, like a great wall of rock. I hear the croaking of frogs, faint and far off; and the echoes of the great clock-bell hum in the airless calm long after the strokes have ceased. I wonder how Blackwater Park will look in the daytime? I don't altogether like it by night.

28th.—A day of investigations and discoveries—a more interesting day, for many reasons, than I had ventured to anticipate.

I began my sight-seeing, of course, with the house.

The main body of the building is of the time of that highly overrated woman, Queen Elizabeth. On the ground-floor there are two hugely long galleries, with low ceilings, lying parallel with each other, and rendered additionally dark and dismal by hideous family portraits—every one of which I should like to burn. The rooms on the floor above the two galleries are kept in tolerable repair, but are very seldom used. The civil housekeeper, who acted as my guide, offered to show me over them; but considerately added that she feared I should find them rather out of order. My respect for the integrity of my own petticoats and stockings infinitely exceeds my respect for all the Elizabethan bedrooms in the kingdom; so I positively declined exploring the upper regions of dust and dirt at the risk of soiling my nice clean clothes. The housekeeper said, "I am quite of your opinion, Miss;" and appeared to think me the most sensible woman she had met with for a long time past.

So much, then, for the main building. Two wings are added at either end of it. The half-ruined wing on the left (as you approach the house) was once a place of residence standing by itself, and was built in the fourteenth century. One of Sir Percival's maternal ancestors—I don't remember, and don't care, which—tacked on the main building, at right angles to it, in the aforesaid Queen Elizabeth's time. The housekeeper told me that the architecture of "the old wing," both outside and inside, was considered remarkably fine by good judges. On further investigation I discovered that good judges could only exercise their abilities on Sir Percival's piece of antiquity by previously dismissing from their minds all fear of damp, darkness, and rats. Under these circumstances, I unhesitatingly acknowledged myself to be no judge at all; and suggested that we should treat "the old wing" precisely as we had previously treated the Elizabethan bedrooms. Once more the housekeeper said, "I am quite of your opinion, Miss;" and once more she looked at me, with undisguised admiration of my extraordinary common sense.

We went next to the wing on the right, which was built, by way of completing the wonderful architectural jumble at Blackwater Park, in the time of George the Second. This is the habitable part of the house, which has been repaired and redecorated, inside, on Laura's account. My two rooms, and all the good bedrooms besides, are on the first floor; and the basement contains a drawing-room, a dining-room, a morning-room, a library, and a pretty little boudoir for Laura—all very nicely ornamented in the bright modern way, and all very elegantly furnished with the delightful modern luxuries. None of the rooms are any thing like so large and airy as our rooms at Limmeridge; but they all look pleasant to live in. I was terribly afraid, from what I had heard of Blackwater Park, of fatiguing antique chairs, and dismal stained glass, and musty, frouzy hangings, and all the barbarous lumber which people born without a sense of comfort accumulate about them, in defiance of all consideration due to the convenience of their friends. It is an inexpressible relief to find that the nineteenth century has invaded this strange future home of mine, and has swept the dirty "good old times" out of the way of our daily life.

I dawdled away the morning—part of the time in the rooms down stairs, and part out of doors, in the great square which is formed by the three sides of the house, and by the lofty iron railings and gates which protect it in front. A large circular fish-pond, with stone sides and an allegorical leaden monster in the middle, occupies the centre of the square. The pond itself is full of gold and silver fish, and is encircled by a broad belt of the softest turf I ever walked on. I loitered here, on the shady side, pleasantly enough, till luncheon time; and after that took my broad straw-hat and wandered out alone, in the warm lovely sunlight, to explore the grounds.

Daylight confirmed the impression which I had felt the night before, of there being too many trees at Blackwater. The house is stifled by them. They are, for the most part, young, and planted far too thickly. I suspect there must have been a ruinous cutting down of timber all over the estate before Sir Percival's time, and an angry anxiety on the part of the next possessor to fill up all the gaps as thickly and rapidly as possible. After looking about me in front of the house, I observed a flower-garden on my left hand, and walked toward it to see what I could discover in that direction.

On a nearer view, the garden proved to be small and poor and ill-kept. I left it behind me, opened a little gate in a ring fence, and found myself in a plantation of fir-trees. A pretty, winding path, artificially made, led me on among the trees, and my north-country experience soon informed me that I was approaching sandy, heathy ground. After a walk of more than half a mile, I should think, among the firs, the path took a sharp turn, the trees abruptly ceased to appear on either side of me, and I found myself standing suddenly on the margin of a vast open space, and looking down at the Blackwater lake from which the house takes its name.

The ground, shelving away below me, was all sand, with a few little heathy hillocks to break the monotony of it in certain places. The lake itself had evidently once flowed to the spot on which I stood, and had been gradually wasted and dried up to less than a third of its former size. I saw its still, stagnant waters, a quarter of a mile away from me in the hollow, separated into pools and ponds, by twining reeds and rushes, and little knolls of earth. On the farther bank from me the trees rose thickly again, and shut out the view, and cast their black shadows on the sluggish, shallow water. As I walked down to the lake I saw that the ground on its farther side was damp and marshy, overgrown with rank grass and dismal willows. The water, which was clear enough on the open sandy side, where the sun shone, looked black and poisonous opposite to me, where it lay deeper under the shade of the spongy banks and the rank overhanging thickets and tangled trees. The frogs were croaking, and the rats were slipping in and out of the shadowy water, like live shadows themselves, as I got nearer to the marshy side of the lake. I saw here, lying half in and half out of the water, the rotten wreck of an old overturned boat, with a sickly spot of sunlight glimmering through a gap in the trees on its dry surface, and a snake basking in the midst of the spot, fantastically coiled, and treacherously still. Far and near the view suggested the same dreary impressions of solitude and decay; and the glorious brightness of the summer sky overhead seemed only to deepen and harden the gloom and barrenness of the wilderness on which it shone. I turned and retraced my steps to the high, heathy ground; directing them a little aside from my former path, toward a shabby old wooden shed, which stood on the outer skirt of the fir plantation, and which had hitherto been too unimportant to share my notice with the wide, wild prospect of the lake.

On approaching the shed I found that it had once been a boat-house, and that an attempt had apparently been made to convert it afterward into a sort of rude arbor, by placing inside it a fir-wood seat, a few stools, and a table. I entered the place, and sat down for a little while to rest and get my breath again.

I had not been in the boat-house more than a minute when it struck me that the sound of my own quick breathing was very strangely echoed by something beneath me. I listened intently for a moment, and heard a low, thick, sobbing breath that seemed to come from the ground under the seat which I was occupying. My nerves are not easily shaken by trifles; but on this occasion I started to my feet in a fright—called out—received no answer—summoned back my recreant courage—and looked under the seat.

There, crouched up in the farthest corner, lay the forlorn cause of my terror, in the shape of a poor little dog—a black-and-white spaniel. The creature moaned feebly when I looked at it and called to it, but never stirred. I moved away the seat and looked closer. The poor little dog's eyes were glazing fast, and there were spots of blood on its glossy white side. The misery of a weak, helpless, dumb creature is surely one of the saddest of all the mournful sights which this world can show. I lifted the poor dog in my arms as gently as I could, and contrived a sort of make-shift hammock for him to lie in, by gathering up the front of my dress all round him. In this way I took the creature, as painlessly as possible, and as fast as possible, back to the house.

Finding no one in the hall, I went up at once to my own sitting-room, made a bed for the dog with one of my old shawls and rang the bell. The largest and fattest of all possible housemaids answered it, in a state of cheerful stupidity which would have provoked the patience of a saint. The girl's fat, shapeless face actually stretched into a broad grin at the sight of the wounded creature on the floor.

"What do you see there to laugh at?" I asked, as angrily as if she had been a servant of my own. "Do you know whose dog it is?"

"No, Miss, that I certainly don't." She stopped and looked down at the spaniel's injured side—brightened suddenly with the irradiation of a new idea—and, pointing to the wound with a chuckle of satisfaction, said, "That's Baxter's doings, that is."

I was so exasperated that I could have boxed her ears. "Baxter?" I said. "Who is the brute you call Baxter?"

The girl grinned again, more cheerfully than ever. "Bless you, Miss! Baxter's the keeper; and when he finds strange dogs hunting about he takes and shoots 'em. It's keeper's dooty, Miss. I think that dog will die. Here's where he's been shot, ain't it? That's Baxter's doings, that is. Baxter's doings, Miss, and Baxter's dooty."

I was almost wicked enough to wish that Baxter had shot the house-maid instead of the dog. Seeing that it was quite useless to expect this densely impenetrable personage to give me any help in relieving the suffering creature at our feet, I told her to request the housekeeper's attendance, with my compliments. She went out exactly as she had come in, grinning from ear to ear. As the door closed on her she said to herself, softly, "It's Baxter's doings and Baxter's dooty—that's what it is."

The housekeeper, a person of some education and intelligence, thoughtfully brought up stairs with her some milk and some warm water. The instant she saw the dog on the floor she started and changed color.

"Why, Lord bless me!" cried the housekeeper, "that must be Mrs. Catherick's dog!"

"Whose?" I asked, in the utmost astonishment.

"Mrs. Catherick's. You seem to know Mrs. Catherick, Miss Halcombe?"

"Not personally. But I have heard of her. Does she live here? Has she had any news of her daughter?"

"No, Miss Halcombe. She came here to ask for news."

"When?"

"Only yesterday. She said some one had mentioned a report to her that her daughter had been seen in our neighborhood. No such report has reached us here; and no such report was known in the village when I sent to make inquiries there on Mrs. Catherick's account. She certainly brought this poor little dog with her when she came, and I saw it trot out after her when she went away. I suppose the creature strayed into the plantations and got shot. Where did you find it, Miss Halcombe?"

"In the old shed that looks out on the lake."

"Ah, yes, that is the plantation side, and the poor thing dragged itself, I suppose, to the nearest shelter, as dogs will, to die. If you can moisten its lips with the milk, Miss Halcombe, I will wash the clotted hair from the wound. I am very much afraid it is too late to do any good. However, we can but try."

Mrs. Catherick! The name still rang in my ears, as it the housekeeper had only that moment surprised me by uttering it. While we were attending to the dog the words of Walter Hartright's caution to me returned to my memory: "If ever Anne Catherick crosses your path make better use of the opportunity, Miss Halcombe, than I made of it." The finding of the wounded spaniel had led me already to the discovery of Mrs. Catherick's visit to Blackwater Park; and that event might lead, in its turn, to something more. I determined to make the most of the chance which was now offered me, and to gain as much additional information as I could.

"Did you say that Mrs. Catherick lived any where in this neighborhood?"

"Oh, dear no," said the housekeeper. "She lives at Welmingham, quite at the other end of the county—five-and-twenty miles off at least."

"I suppose you have known Mrs. Catherick for some years?"

"On the contrary, Miss Halcombe, I never saw her before she came here yesterday. I had heard of her, of course, because I had heard of Sir Percival's kindness in putting her daughter under medical care. Mrs. Catherick is rather a strange person in her manners, but extremely respectable-looking. She seemed sorely put out when she found that there was no foundation—none, at least, that any of us could discover—for the report of her daughter having been seen in this neighborhood."

"I am rather interested about Mrs. Catherick," I went on, continuing the conversation as long as possible. "I wish I had arrived here soon enough to see her yesterday. Did she stay for any length of time?"

"Yes," said the housekeeper, "she staid for some time. And I think she would have remained longer, if I had not been called away to speak to a strange gentleman—a gentleman who came to ask when Sir Percival was expected back. Mrs. Catherick got up and left at once, when she heard the maid tell me what the visitor's errand was. She said to me, at parting, that there was no need to tell Sir Percival of her coming here. I thought that rather an odd remark to make, especially to a person in my responsible situation."

I thought it an odd remark, too. Sir Percival had certainly led me to believe, at Limmeridge, that the most perfect confidence existed between himself and Mrs. Catherick. If that was the case, why should she be anxious to have her visit at Blackwater Park kept a secret from him?

"Probably," I said, seeing that the housekeeper expected me to give my opinion on Mrs. Catherick's parting words; "probably she thought the announcement of her visit might vex Sir Percival to no purpose, by reminding him that her lost daughter was not found yet. Did she talk much on that subject?"

"Very little," replied the housekeeper. "She talked principally of Sir Percival, and asked a great many questions about where he had been traveling, and what sort of lady his new wife was. She seemed to be more soured and put out than distressed, by failing to find any traces of her daughter in these parts. 'I give her up,' were the last words she said that I can remember; 'I give her up, ma'am, for lost.' And from that she passed at once to her questions about Lady Glyde; wanting to know if she was a handsome, amiable lady, comely and healthy and young.—Ah dear! I thought how it would end. Look, Miss Halcombe! the poor thing is out of its misery at last!"

The dog was dead. It had given a faint, sobbing cry; it had suffered an instant's convulsion of the limbs, just as those last words, "comely and healthy and young," dropped from the housekeeper's lips. The change had happened with startling suddenness—in one moment the creature lay lifeless under our hands.

Eight o'clock.—I have just returned from dining down stairs in solitary state. The sunset is burning redly on the wilderness of trees that I see from my window, and I am poring over my journal again, to calm my impatience for the return of the travelers. They ought to have arrived, by my calculations, before this. How still and lonely the house is in the drowsy evening quiet! Oh, me! how many minutes more before I hear the carriage-wheels and run down stairs to find myself in Laura's arms?

The poor little dog! I wish my first day at Blackwater Park had not been associated with death—though it is only the death of a stray animal.

Welmingham—I see, on looking back through these private pages of mine, that Welmingham is the name of the place where Mrs. Catherick lives. Her note is still in my possession, the note in answer to that letter about her unhappy daughter which Sir Percival obliged me to write. One of these days, when I can find a safe opportunity, I will take the note with me by way of introduction, and try what I can make of Mrs. Catherick at a personal interview. I don't understand her wishing to conceal her visit to this place from Sir Percival's knowledge; and I don't feel half so sure, as the housekeeper seems to do, that her daughter Anne is not in the neighborhood after all. What would Walter Hartright have said in this emergency? Poor, dear Hartright! I am beginning to feel the want of his honest advice and his willing help already.

Surely I heard something? Yes! there is a bustle of footsteps below stairs. I hear the horses' feet; I hear the rolling of wheels. Away with my journal and my pen and ink! The travelers have returned—my darling Laura is home again at last!

LITERARY.

B. Dawson & Son, of Montreal, have just published a work entitled "ARCHAIA; OR, STUDIES OF THE COSMOGONY AND NATURAL HISTORY OF THE HEBREW SCRIPTURES," by Professor Dawson, Principal of M'Gill College, Montreal, Canada. The theme is inexhaustible and perennially interesting; Professor Dawson is a ripe scientific scholar, and his papers on geological subjects are remembered by the members of the American Scientific Association. He has brought to bear on the genesiacal history of creation much research and keen logic. Without indorsing all the statements he makes, we may safely say that his book will command the careful attention of the learned, and deserves to become generally popular.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

ON Monday, January 30, in the Senate, Senator Grimes (Iowa) corrected the statement made the other day by Senator Toombs, to the effect that Iowa had passed unconstitutional laws. Senator Brown's (Miss.) resolutions relative to the organization of Territories were taken up. Senator Wilkinson (Min.) moved an amendment that Territories are the common property of the people; that Congress has power to legislate for the interests of free labor in them; and that a clause be inserted in the bills organizing Territories prohibiting slavery therein. Senator Nicholson (Tenn.) took the floor, and addressed the Senate on the subject of the "Irrepressible Conflict." When he concluded the subject was postponed till Wednesday; and after an Executive Session the Senate adjourned.——In the House, a discussion arose as to the right of ladies to seats on the floor, and after some talk, in which it was insisted upon that they should vacate their seats, they left, and the floor was finally cleared. The House then prepared to vote for Speaker, when Mr. Sherman (Ohio) rose and withdrew his name as a candidate. Three votes were then had, the last one standing: For Mr. Pennington (N. J.), 115; for Mr. Smith (N. C.), 113; scattering, 5. Necessary to a choice, 117. Adjourned.

On Tuesday, January 31, in the Senate, Senator Iverson (Ga.) introduced a bill to carry out the provisions of the fifteenth article of the treaty with Mexico. On motion of Senator Fitch (Ind.), 15,000 extra copies of the President's Message were ordered printed. Senator Grimes (Iowa) was excused from serving on the Committee on Private Land Claims, when Senator Douglas's resolution, relative to inter-State invasion, was taken up. Senator Hunter (Va.) addressed the Senate at length, occupying the entire session.——In the House, Mr. Sherman (Ohio) moved a vote for Speaker, when Mr. Smith (N. C.) withdrew his name from the canvass. Mr. Reagan (Texas) nominated Mr. M'Clernand (Ill.) Mr. Millson (Va.) seconded this nomination, and, after various explanations, the vote was proceeded with, resulting as follows: For Mr. Pennington (N. J.), 116; for Mr. M'Clernand (Ill.), 91; for Mr. Gilmer (N. C.), 5; for Mr. M'Queen (S. C.), 6; for Mr. Millson (Va.), 6; scattering, 9; necessary for a choice, 117. An adjournment was then moved by Mr. Winslow (N. C.), which was resisted by the Republicans. The Democrats, however, promised that a vote should be had promptly on reassembling the next morning, and the House adjourned.

On Wednesday, February 1, in the Senate, the President sent in a statement of the fees paid at the Consular offices. Senator Hale (N. H.) moved an inquiry into the expediency of paying the officers of the Army a gross sum per annum instead of allowances. On motion of Senator Grimes (Iowa), marines were included and the resolution adopted. Senator Gwin (Cal.) introduced a bill granting the right of way to a company for a line of telegraph to the Pacific. Senator Rice (Min.) moved instructions to the Committee on Territories, to report a bill organizing the Territory of Dakota. Senator Green (Mo.) moved to amend, so as to have so much of Minnesota as was not included in the boundaries of that State annexed to Nebraska. The resolution was laid over. The Senate went into Executive session, and then adjourned.——In the House, the vote for Speaker was, after explanations by members, proceeded with, and resulted as follows: For Mr. Pennington (N. J.), 117; for Mr. M'Clernand (Ill.), 85. Necessary to a choice, 116. Mr. Pennington was declared elected, and was then sworn in; after which, the members took the oath of office in the usual manner and then adjourned.

On Thursday, February 2, in the Senate, Senator Gwin (Cal.) gave notice that he would move to take up the Pacific Railroad bill on Monday next. Senator Sumner (Mass.) moved an inquiry into the expediency of abolishing the hospital tax on seaman, and also the system of marine hospitals, which was adopted. Senator Wigfall (Texas) noticed a bill for a Railroad and Telegraph from the Atlantic to the Pacific. Senator Lane (Oregon) moved an inquiry into the expediency of establishing a naval station on Puget's Sound. Adopted. Senator Davis (Miss.) offered a series of resolutions relating to the obligations imposed on the States by the Constitution, the rights of the people in the Territories, etc., etc. They were made the special order for 1 P.M. next Wednesday. Senator Wilson (Mass.) introduced a bill appropriating a million of acres of the public lands for the benefit of free schools in the District of Columbia. Senator Foster (Conn.) moved an inquiry whether the appropriation for the new post-office at New York is now in force, and whether further legislation is necessary. Adopted. Senator Brown's resolutions, relative to Territorial governments, were then taken up, and Senator Fitch (Ind.) addressed the Senate at length. Adjourned.——The House was not in session.

On Friday, February 3, the Senate not being in session, the House proceeded to elect officers. Mr. Forney was chosen Clerk, and Mr. Hoffman Sergeant-at-arms. The House adjourned to Monday.

SPEECH OF SPEAKER PENNINGTON.

When the Clerk announced the election of a Speaker, Mr. Pennington, amidst a quiet that strongly and delightfully contrasted with the excited and disorderly proceedings which previously prevailed, spoke as follows:

"GENTLEMEN OF THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES,—I return you my grateful acknowledgments for the distinguished honor you have been pleased to confer upon me in electing me Speaker of this House. Coming here for the first time at the present session, to be associated with you as a member, no event could have been more unlooked for than that I should be called upon to preside over your deliberations; and my friends will do me the justice to say that I have not sought the position, as I certainly never desired it. I am, nevertheless, as conscious of the dignity and importance of this high office as any gentleman can be, but should have been far better pleased had its duties been intrusted to abler and more experienced hands. After witnessing the almost insurmountable obstacles in the way of an organization of this House, I came to the conclusion that any gentleman of any party, who could command a majority of votes for Speaker, was bound in deference to the public exigencies to accept the responsibility as an act of patriotic duty, whether it was agreeable to his personal feelings or not. As that choice has unexpectedly fallen upon me, I have not hesitated to accept it. In the execution of this high trust my object will be to do my duty with impartiality and justice to all. I shall have great necessity, gentlemen, for your influence in the new position in which I am placed, and I feel entire confidence I shall receive it at your hands. A representative from the State of New Jersey, upon whose soil so many brilliant achievements were accomplished in the Revolutionary war, and whose people have ever been distinguished for their devotion to the Constitution and the Union, I pray to the Great Arbiter of our destinies that I may do no act to impair the integrity of either, but that they, by wise and prudent counsels, peace and order may yet reign in our midst, and our free institutions be perpetuated to our descendants. I feel I have a national heart, embracing all parts of our blessed Union. Again thanking you for your kindness, I now enter upon the discharge of the arduous and complicated duties of that station."

Mr. Phelps, of Missouri, being the oldest consecutive member, administered the oath to the Speaker by request of the Clerk.

THE SCENE IN THE HOUSE.

The *Times* correspondent writes: "The close of the Speakership scene was impressive and imposing. The galleries were crowded and orderly. In the Hall every member was in his proper seat. The Speaker-elect, one of the finest men of the House in personal presence, was conducted, amidst profound silence, to the Chair, by Messrs. Sherman and Bocock. His address was in good taste, and eminently national in tone. For that instant, at least, all sectionalism was stilled. No foreigner present could fail to be satisfied that, after all our party bickerings, we are but one people in heart and sentiment. It was the first organization in the new Hall, and it is quite certain that the old one never presented a scene altogether so splendid to the eye."

SPEECH OF MR. SHERMAN.

At a serenade offered to the leading Republican members on Thursday Mr. Sherman, being loudly called, appeared, and spoke as follows:

"MY FRIENDS, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,—I had retired to seek rest and quiet. You summon me, and I obey. But I was not prepared for this cordial and kindly greeting of hand, heart, and voice, which leaves me almost without the power of returning my thanks. We have met to congratulate each other upon the happy result of this day's labor. A Republican Speaker is elected, and no calamity comes; a Republican Speaker is elected, and the people rejoice; a Republican Speaker is elected, and stocks advance; a Republican Speaker is elected, and cotton is worth eleven cents a pound and upward—and may it advance higher. [Cheers.] A Republican Speaker is elected, and slave property remains the same in value. [Cheers.] A Republican Speaker is elected, and the Union is safe. [Cheers.] So it will be when a Republican President is elected—[prolonged cheers, and cries of 'Good!']—for in that event every right of every citizen of every State will be secured in his hands. The only dissolution of the Union which our adversaries fear is a dissolution of their union with the public treasury. This is the 'union' they clamor about; and it must be confessed they cling to it with a sincere love. [Laughter.] This is the source of their injustice to us. We tell them our determined, only purpose, and they quote at us the language of some crazy fanatic. They represent us as believing what we do not believe; they say we intend what we do not intend; and then they howl and rave at us. I tell you, my fellow-citizens, if you take away the pressure of money, the pressure of office, you will not hear these men crying out 'Disunion!' and endeavoring to separate the people of one part of this country from the other. [Cheers.] My friends, we will conquer their injustice, we will beat down their prejudices, we will quiet the fears of the few among them who are sincere. We will do it with firmness and love, with brotherly kindness and respect. Dissolve the Union of these States! Fellow-citizens, my people live afar off, on the shores of one of the beautiful lakes of the West. If they were to hear among them such talk as we hear from the Democratic office-holders of the federal capital, they would not hang them, but they would denounce and curse them. Dissolve the Union! It can't be done. Ohio, Kentucky, Tennessee, and Indiana have recently met and resolved it shall not be done. [Cheers.] I tell you, my fellow-citizens, my heart is in this contest—my hand is in it. [A voice, 'Your pocket, too!'] Yes, my pocket, too—and every energy that I possess. I tell you, you will all live to see not only a Republican Speaker, but, I trust in God, a Republican President. [Cheers.] My fellow-citizens, let us greet the new Speaker as the harbinger of coming events. The past is with our adversaries—we rejoice in the present. Let us hope for the future."

THE PROPOSED SOUTHERN CONVENTION.

Resolutions were introduced in the Virginia House of Delegates on Monday, January 30, declaring that while we recognize an imperative necessity for decisive measures in the present condition of things, yet we believe that prompt and efficient co-operation can be more safely obtained by the direct and authoritative action of the constituted authorities of the Southern States than through the agency of an assemblage which can have no legitimate power except to debate and advise. Therefore the General Assembly of Virginia will not at this time undertake to invite any conference of Commissioners appointed by the authorities of the Southern States.

Governor Houston's Message to the Legislature of Texas, transmitting the resolutions of the South Carolina Legislature, opposes the Southern Convention. The Legislature introduced resolutions sustaining Governor Houston's views. Texas gave up her independence to the Union, and is unwilling to surrender the Union on an emergency not deemed sufficient to excuse so important a step.

TRIAL OF STEPHENS AND HAZLITT.

In the Circuit Court of Jefferson County, Virginia, indictments were on Wednesday found against Andrew Stephens and William Hazlitt, as accomplices in the Harper's Ferry convulsion. In delivering the charge to the Grand Jury, Judge Kenny, who presided in the absence of Judge Parker, dwelt upon the atrocity of Brown's attempt, and the necessity of vindicating the safety and the dignity of the State, while he earnestly advised the Jury to avoid passion, prejudice, and groundless suspicion. For the Commonwealth Mr. Andrew Hunter, who conducted the proceedings against Brown and the earlier convicts, appears; while the defense is conducted by Mr. George Sennott, of Boston. On Thursday, upon the opening of the Court, Mr. Sennot, on behalf of Stephens, prayed that the case might be transferred to the Federal Courts, in order that the prisoner might be tried at Staunton. The Court refused to make the requisite transfer, and the case proceeded, Mr. Harding opening for the State.

FRIGHTFUL ACCIDENT.

One of those calamities so invited by the mode in which those man-traps of our city, the tenement houses, are constructed, occurred on Thursday evening on Elm street. A double building, crowded to the sixth story with human beings, took fire in the basement, and owing to the combustible material deposited there, the house was at once filled with flames and smoke. The unwarned and panic-stricken inmates, whose escape by the stairway was cut off, fled to the upper story. A few leaped from the windows and were saved with more or less injury; and others were rescued by the noble efforts of the firemen; but a large but unascertained number perished before the eyes of the spectators. The building was the property of Mr. Edward Waring.

EXECUTION OF STEPHENS.

Stephens, the man who poisoned his wife in order to marry one of her nieces, and whose trial made so much noise some time since, was duly executed for his crime on 3d February in the yard of the Tombs, New York. He died without confessing his guilt.

HIS ATTEMPT TO ESCAPE.

Stephens had tried to escape. About two weeks ago he considered the idea that all hopes of a pardon would be useless, and accordingly set to work to derive means to secure his freedom. With the aid of a friend he divulged his schemes to Sanchez, who, it appears, heartily joined in the conspiracy, and soon all their plans were made to carry into execution their murderous purpose, and Monday night was arranged, so far as can be ascertained, to carry into execution their deadly work. For some time they were unable to decide upon what weapons should be used; but finally, at the suggestion of Stephens, revolvers were agreed upon, they being the most effectual. Accordingly Stephens undertook to secure the weapons, and by some means at present unknown, but no doubt through the help of a third party, two revolvers, loaded, were placed in their hands, without the knowledge of the wardens or any of the deputies. It seems that it has been the habit of the keepers to give the above two prisoners their suppers after the remaining convicts had been locked up for the night, and it was at this time that the attempt to carry into effect the plot was to be perpetrated. Stephens was, the minute the keeper opened his cell door, to step out and shoot him dead, and then to kill the other keeper in the like manner; he was then to procure the keys and release Sanchez, and if possible, both liberate themselves.

HOW THE PLAN FAILED.

It, however, in some way became known to the Warden of the prison, Mr. Charles Sutton, on Monday afternoon, and he at once took prompt steps to foil them in their bloody purpose. Mr. Sutton communicated the fact to Sheriff Kelly, and these two gentlemen, with two others, one a Mr. Cunningham, a keeper, forthwith proceeded to the cells of the prisoners. They called Stephens to his cell door, after opening it, and ordered him to submit to being searched. At this announcement Stephens seemed greatly surprised, but putting on an air of firmness, demurred, and said he thought it rather hard that one whose life was so short should be subjected to being searched, or even suspected of having any such designs, and at the same time being apparently very indignant. This plea was, however, of no avail, and the Warden, Sutton, with Sheriff Kelly and the two others, seized him, finding that he would not allow them to search him quietly. As soon as they took hold of him he made a desperate struggle, and resisted with all his power, but finally he was thrown to the floor, and while four held him upon his back the other searched his pockets. As was suspected, in one of his pockets was found a six-barrel revolver, heavily loaded. When it was taken out Stephens gave up, and hung his head, knowing full well that it was now all day with him. He said nothing, but was immediately handcuffed by Mr. Cunningham, and locked up in another cell. They then proceeded to the cell of Sanchez, and demanded him to give over the pistol he had in his possession, which he instantly did, producing a like revolver, loaded to the muzzle. Both Sanchez and Stephens were then taken to a dark cell on the fourth tier, handcuffed and safely secured. That the plot was frustrated is no fault of Stephens, as his desperate character is too well known to admit of a doubt but that had he got out of his cell his escape was sure. On searching Stephens's cell a hole was discovered partly made through the side wall between his cell and Sanchez's; it was hid by the bed and some cigar boxes. How the secret leaked out has not been ascertained, but it is presumed that Sanchez became alarmed and "squealed." The only sure way of escape for the prisoners, had they been successful in killing the two keepers, were to procure the keys, pass into the court-room of the Special Sessions, thence into the Fire Marshal's office, and opening the outer door, all they had to do was to scale the iron railing, and they were free. There is no doubt but some of Stephens's friends were in waiting during the night to aid them in their flight.

A WARNING TO LADY-SKATERS.

We read in the Boston *Atlas*: "An afternoon or two since, a young lady, while skating on Jamaica Pond, strapped her skates so tight about her feet as to prevent any circulation of the blood in the feet below the ankles. The consequence was, that, upon taking them off to return home, her feet were both found to be frozen. Although every effort was made by physicians to restore them to a normal state, one of them was so badly frostbitten as to render amputation necessary to prevent mortification ensuing."

A CONNECTICUT SCANDAL.

The Stamford (Connecticut) *Advocate* gives the particulars of a runaway wife at that place, which has been the topic of conversation among scandal-mongers for some days. They are as follow:

"A few weeks since a young and beautiful girl took up her residence in that town, and entered the High School as a pupil. Every body, especially the young men, were curious to know who the young stranger was, and where she came from: but with all the ingenuity invented on such occasions, the interested ones were completely baffled in their efforts to ascertain her place of residence. A few days since, however, a gentleman from New York made his appearance and claimed the fair *incognita* as his lawful wife. The husband insisted on taking his wife with him, but the lady resisted his importunities, and kept her person beyond his reach. Hereupon the gentleman became more violent in his demonstrations, and would probably have resorted to forcible means to coerce the return of the lady, but for the arrival of her brother. Two men met at the Stamford House on Friday last, when an excited colloquy ensued, during which the husband indulged in remarks derogatory to the character of his wife and her family. These remarks were followed by a blow from the fist of the brother, which laid the disconsolate husband at full length on the marble floor. The spectators here interfered, and prevented any further demonstrations of this character. On the following morning the brother and sister took passage on the cars for New York, whither they were followed by the baffled but not yet despairing husband. Further this deponent sayeth not."

PERSONAL.

The Postmaster-General, it is said, has decided to discontinue the coach service between Yuma and San Diego, and will in future substitute horseback service, as more economical.

The New York correspondent of the New Orleans *Courier* says that "a number of our first-class citizens—gentlemen of the *bon ton*—are associating together for the purpose of forming a society, the objects of which shall be to extend hospitality to distinguished men from all parts of the Union upon their arrival in New York."

Hon. Mr. Faulkner, the newly-appointed Minister to France, with his family, sailed for Europe in the *Fulton* on Saturday.

Ex-Governor Chase, of Ohio, was, on 1st inst., chosen United States Senator by the Legislature of that State. The vote stood—for Chase, 75; Pugh, 54; Corwin, 5.

A jury was being impanneled some years ago in Ouachita. Uncle Zeke, from the pine hills, was on the panel. When called up to be sworn, he objected to sitting on the case. It required some urging from the Court to get his "reasons." Finding it necessary, however, to divulge, he said, "Judge C., I don't like to expose this town, but the fact is I've been drinking mighty mean licker for near a week, and have had nothing but cat-fish to eat at the tavern, and fear, under the circumstances—my narves being powerful weak—that I couldn't do justice." Of course Uncle Z. was excused.

Ex-President Pierce and lady have arrived in Nassau, New Providence. Within forty hours after leaving these wintry shores they were breathing the balmy air of the tropics. The Governor of the island and other officials had received the Ex-President with great politeness.

Blondin has decided to amuse the Quebeckers the coming season. After inspecting several localities he has fixed on a position close to Montmorenci Falls, from point to point, immediately below the cataract. He says the span he intends to walk is 1400 feet long, being 200 feet longer than the span he walked at Niagara Falls. The Falls of Montmorenci are nearly 250 feet high, being 100 feet higher than the Falls of Niagara.

Among the *on dits* of the day is one to the effect that Madame Bodisco, widow of the late Russian Embassador, will shortly wed Captain Scott, of the British Navy.

A wedding took place in Oxford, Marquette County, Wisconsin, a few days since, and soon after the knot was tied the bride was taken off by a neighbor to sit up with a sick person. The bridegroom next morning applied to the Justice to have himself unmarried, but the functionary informed him the thing could not be did.

Miss Swisshelm, the editress of the St. Cloud (Minnesota) *Democrat*, has been appointed surveyor of logs and lumber. The appointment having been ridiculed, she replies that women have as much right to employments in which the pay is more than the work as men have, and that for one she declines the honor of working for the wages of wifehood; that she would rather saw logs into boards with a hand-saw, for her bread and butter, than take the doled pittance which keeps most women's souls inside their bodies; and that not one man in five hundred would object to any woman doing the work of a surveyor-general.

The beautiful residence of John A. Rogers, Esq., situated near the village of Indiana, County of Haldimand, Canada West, was totally destroyed by fire on Friday last, together with his valuable household furniture, plate, etc., and two of his children, aged respectively five and three years, the former a boy and the latter a girl, were consumed in the building.

Mr Rogers, when erecting this fine residence, designed the upper half story as a "play-room" for his children during the inclement weather—where the little ones were at the time of the accident, and, as is supposed, obtained some matches and kindled a fire in their play-room, which was not discovered until the whole of the upper part of the building was in flames, and too late to save either children, building, or its contents.

A little daughter of Samuel Antz, of Lewiston, accidentally swallowed a new penny on Saturday morning last, from the effects of which she took sick shortly after, and died on Sunday.

Last week, while the youth and beauty of Centreville, Illinois, were gathered at a social party, at the Centreville Exchange, an old gentleman who was subject to spells of walking in his sleep, after going to bed, fell into a slumber (*la somnambula*). He arose from his bed attired in nothing but a shirt, and walked directly among those who were participating in the scenes of festivity. The surprise was said to be more astonishing than agreeable.

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

THE EUROPEAN CONGRESS.

The object of Lord Cowley's mission to London was, to resume the negotiations between England and France, which were instituted by the former, and interrupted by Count Walewski's opposition. The principle of these negotiations was, non-intervention in the affairs of Central Italy. France, adopting the same basis, is desirous that the whole of Europe should give its formal assent to the principle. With this view, Lord Cowley was solicited to sound the feelings of the British Cabinet as to the advisability of addressing a collective note to the European Cabinets. In this note, an infraction of the principle of non-intervention was to be treated as a *casus belli*. The British Cabinet, while expressing its readiness to support the principle of non-intervention, either at the Congress or in its communication with the foreign Powers, pointed out the impossibility of pledging itself without the consent of Parliament to a course of policy which might possibly involve hostilities. The feeling of the Northern Courts gave rise to some fear that Europe would not tacitly submit to so threatening an intimation, and which also implied the adoption of principles opposed to the independence of every State which possesses the right of forming alliances as it may think proper, and at its own risk and peril.

The British Cabinet having thus declined the propositions to enter into any engagements having such an important bearing, the question of an early meeting of the Congress is again revived.

MEETING OF THE GREAT SHIP COMPANY.

A stormy meeting of the Great Ship Company had been held in London. A report was presented, showing the position of the Company, and announcing the resignation of the Board. A motion to receive the report was followed by an amendment that, before doing so, a Committee of investigation be appointed. After a warm discussion, it was resolved to decide the question by ballot. The result of this ballot was expected to be made known on the day the *America* sailed. The meeting stood adjourned till the 17th.

BURIAL OF LORD MACAULAY.

On 9th January the funeral of Lord Macaulay was solemnized at Westminster Abbey.

The chief mourners were the Rev. J. Macaulay and Mr. Macaulay, Jun., C. L. Macaulay, Esq., and George Trevelyan, Esq., who were seated in the first carriage. S. F. Ellis, Esq., E. Cropper, Esq., J. Cropper, Jun., Esq., and H. Holland, Esq., were conveyed in the second carriage.

At Hyde Park corner the carriages of noblemen and others swelled the procession, which was now of enormous length, probably a hundred vehicles having been added to it, and as it continued down Grosvenor Place the spectacle was one of imposing solemnity. Here, too, a long line of carriages was drawn up by the roadside, partly to allow the cavalcade to pass, and partly, no doubt, to afford the occupants an opportunity of witnessing its passage. On the steps and at the windows of the houses were also a large number of spectators, and here, as elsewhere, the exhibition of public feeling was most sympathetic.

The body was received at the Abbey by the pall-bearers, and the coffin was carried through the cloisters up the nave to the choir, being deposited beneath the organ during the celebration of the service.

The pall-bearers were:

THE LORD CHANCELLOR,	LORD JOHN RUSSELL,
THE EARL OF CARLISLE,	DUKE OF ARGYLL,
EARL SHELBURNE,	THE SPEAKER,
EARL STANHOPE,	SIR DAVID DUNDAS,
SIR HENRY HOLLAND, Bart.,	THE DEAN OF ST. PAUL'S (DR. MILLMAN).

The congregation included distinguished representatives of both Houses of Parliament, of the clergy, of literature and science, the bar, the army and navy, and other leading professions.

The service was commenced by the Rev. Canon Jennings. As the coffin was borne onward to the choir, the choristers sang the fine composition of Purcell, "I am the Resurrection and the Life." When arrived at the choir, the Psalm, "Lord, thou hast been our dwelling-place," was chanted, and the lesson appointed for such service was read. The anthem was from Spohr's "Last Judgment," "Blessed forever are they that die trusting in God."

The Dean read portions of the service, and when he came to those sublime words, "Ashes to ashes, dust to dust," the personal friends of the illustrious deceased could be at once distinguished from the depth of their emotion. In a gallery immediately over the grave were three ladies in deep black, who seemed utterly overpowered with grief.

The service occupied about an hour. At its close the chief mourners took a last view of the grave and coffin, and then silently quitted the scene. The barriers being now thrown down, the crowd of spectators were allowed to approach the verge of the grave. The outer coffin is formed of polished elm, and it incloses a leaden coffin and shell. The lid is divided into three compartments; the upper one contains, on an engraved plate, the arms of the deceased peer. The shield bears two arrows and two buckles, and has two pelicans as supporters. The crest is a boot with a spur, surmounted with the usual coronet. The motto of the coat of arms is "Dulce Periculum." The second compartment contains the following inscription: "The Right Hon. Thomas Babington Macaulay, Baron Macaulay of Rothwell, born 25th Oct., 1800, died 28th Dec., 1859." At the lower part of the lid is a small shield with the initials of the deceased peer, "T. B. M." The coffin is ornamented with massive gilt handles, three upon each side and one at each end, surmounted with coronets, and the surface is covered with black silk velvet, and is decorated in the usual style of funeral ornamentation.

DIAMONDS FROM LUCKNOW.

Mr. Amunn arrived in London by the Bombay mail, having for sale a considerable parcel of diamonds, some of them quite extraordinary for size and importance. He had disposed of a few, the price ranging from £1000 to £15,000. An uncut brilliant of unusual magnitude he has refused to part with for 7,000,000 francs, and stands out for £300,000, which, if he can't get in Paris, he carries the gem to Amsterdam or St. Petersburg. The "diggins" in Lucknow, and some other hidden localities, during the mutiny were not unproductive.

FRANCE.

FREE TRADE ESTABLISHED IN FRANCE.

The Emperor Napoleon has announced, by a letter addressed to M. Fould, his desire to substitute a system of approximate free trade for the narrow protective principle which has heretofore governed French commercial intercourse, and intimates his design to inaugurate the new economical era as early as may be consistent with agricultural development. At the same time, the fact of a commercial treaty of reciprocity between France and England having been negotiated is affirmed; so that the relations of the two countries, it is understood, will be relieved at once of excessive restrictions. The change has been productive of general satisfaction both in France and England.

THE EMPEROR'S ULTIMATUM TO THE POPE.

By late arrivals we are furnished with a remarkable letter addressed by the French emperor to the pope. In it he deplores the state of affairs in Central Italy, ascribing it by no indirect implication to the unwillingness of his Holiness to adopt reforms demanded by the condition of the people, and pointing out the only alternative which the actual position of affairs seems to present. It consists in the abandonment of the Romagna, upon condition, to be guaranteed by the Great Powers, of undisturbed property in the remaining states. With what reception this decisive measure met we are not informed.

THE LATEST ON THE HOOP QUESTION.

The Paris correspondent of the London *Court Journal* sets at rest the question of the Empress renouncing hoops. He says:

"We can therefore affirm upon our conscience and honor that, whatever may have been said with regard to the abandonment of crinoline by that august and gracious lady, the absence of whatever portion may have been cast aside was not perceived; indeed, we should almost say that it must have added to the expansion of the petticoat by the facility thus afforded for the more easy expansion of that which remained. Nothing could be more graceful and more dignified than the flow and fall of her Majesty's garments; but, at the same time, who can say that any falling off is there? As the beautiful and gracious lady took her seat upon the throne she fills so well, the uniform, the sword, nay, one half of the very person of the Emperor became lost to view—imbedded, as it were, in the beautiful and glittering mass beneath which it disappeared, leaving not even the thin and indistinct outline under the velvet of the Imperial robe to show that it still existed."

A DROLL EXPEDIENT.

A ladies' shoemaker in Paris named Mathieu, being hard up for money, lately conceived the idea of writing his memoirs, together with, to use his own expression, "the biography of the feet" of all his customers. He sent a circular, together with a proof-sheet, to every one of them, politely stating that any lady who might wish her name not to appear in his book must be good enough to remit him the sum of fifteen francs. The following specimens of the biography were read in court, on his trial:

"Madame A—— lives Rue ——, No. —, first floor; married in 1844; three children; pays badly; feet very difficult to fit, instep too flat, two corns and three bunions; walks awkwardly, and wears her shoes out in the inside very fast.

"Madame B——, Rue ——, No. —, two pair back; still an old maid; borrows children to take with her into the Tuileries Garden; pays her bills, but makes a hard bargain; feet spreading, toes crowding one over the other; two corns and a bunion.

"Madame B——, Rue ——, No. —, fifth floor; formerly kept a cook-shop; has two sons, privates in the army of Africa; two unmarried daughters; gives her children nothing and never pays until served with a writ; feet flat, large, and fatty, and very apt to burst the leathers; a great many corns and bunions, all mixed up together."

Several of the ladies applied to were weak enough to pay the fifteen francs, but others complained to the police, and the literary shoemaker was condemned, for swindling, to a month's imprisonment.

ITALY.

ULTIMATUM OF THE POPE.

The Paris correspondent of the *Post* reports that the Papal Nuncio has said the Pope will give up the Romagna, provided the rest of his dominions be secured to him.

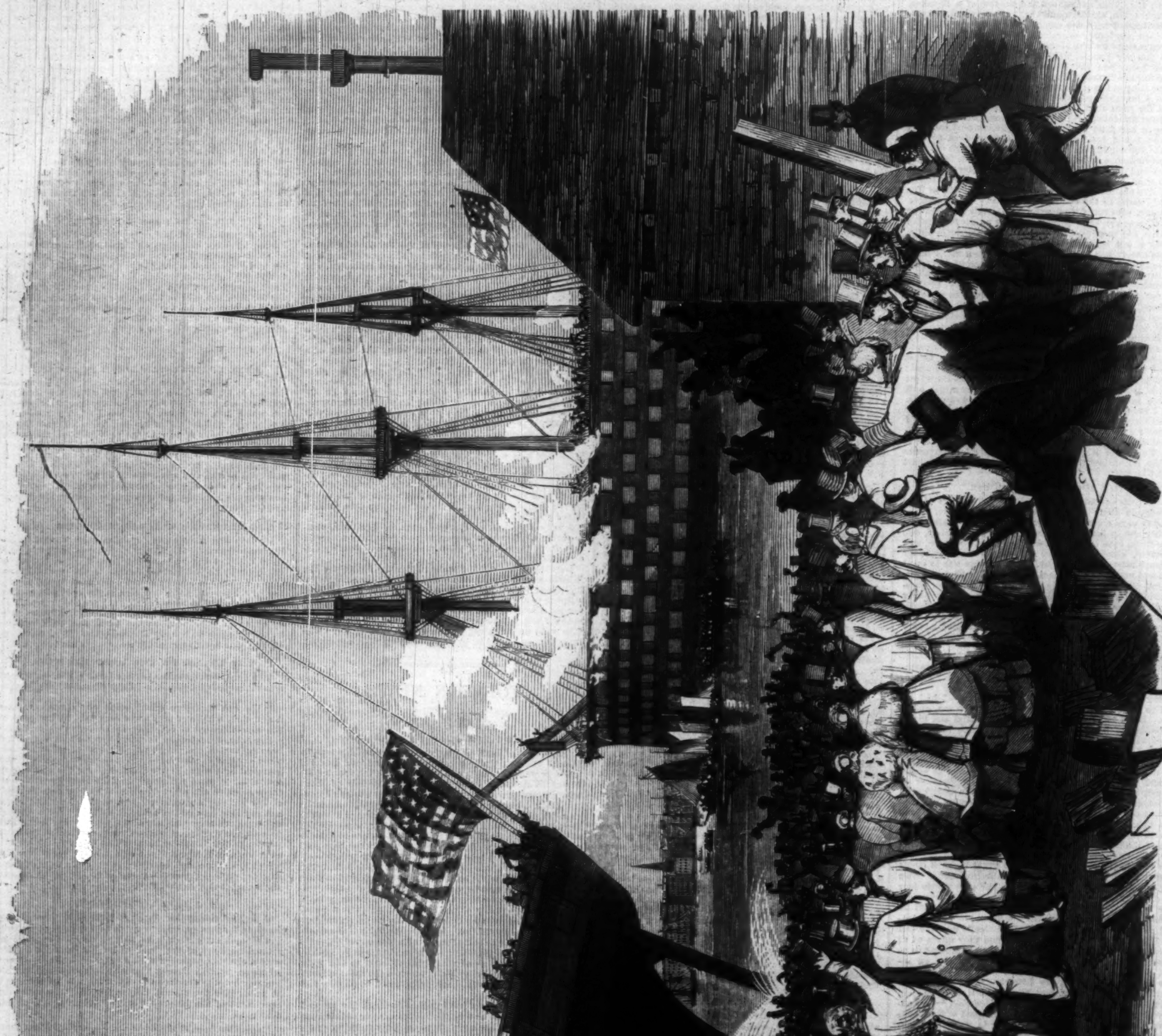
Cardinal Antonelli's reported resignation was not confirmed.

At Vienna it is fully believed that the Government intends openly and actively to interfere in Central Italy in favor of the exiled Dukes and Papal Government. The Pastoral of the Archbishop, published in the Weimer *Zeitung* on the 11th, confirms this fear.

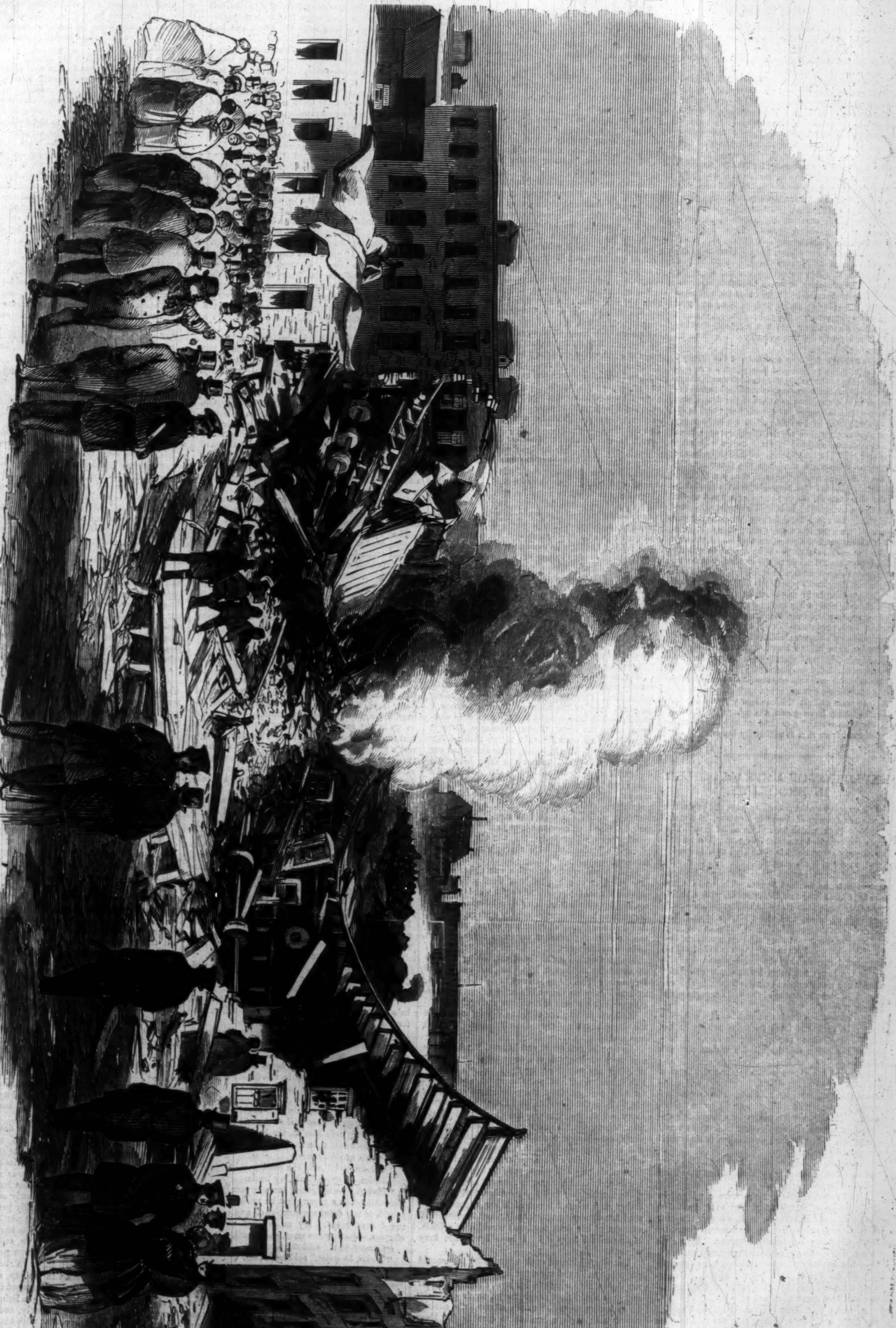
NOTE TO THE EMPEROR OF THE FRENCH.

The Roman correspondent of the *Courrier du Dimanche* writes, under date of the 31st ult.:

"Yesterday Cardinal Antonelli sent to the Duke of Grammont a note of the utmost importance, and which has been the subject of all sorts of commentaries to-day. It is couched in very firm language, and contains categorical conclusions. His Eminence informs the French Embassador of the painful surprise felt by the Pope on learning the publication of a work which throughout assails and outrages the temporal sovereignty of the Holy See. The Cardinal then proceeds to state that such pamphlet would have passed unnoticed, or at least would not have caused any more uneasiness to the Holy See than other publications of the same nature put into circulation by the enemies of the Church, if certain circumstances had not unfortunately imparted to it a real importance. His Eminence complains of the silence of the French *Moniteur* respecting a production to which the universal press of Europe attributes an official origin, and frankly declares that the explanations obtained by the Apostolic Nuncio at Paris appear to his Holiness any thing but satisfactory. The Sovereign Pontiff is resolved to defend firmly, and under all circumstances, the integrity of the domains of the Church. If the Emperor Napoleon's Government, which has given the Holy See so many proofs of pious solicitude, should not think proper to assure the Sovereign Pontiff that the policy of France is not that of the anonymous pamphlet, the Holy Father would not consent to attend the Congress."



LAUNCH OF THE UNITED STATES STEAM CORVETTE "RICHMOND," AT NORFOLK, VIRGINIA, ON JANUARY 26, 1860.—[SEE PAGE 90.]



EXPLOSION AT AMES & MOULTON'S HAT FACTORY, BROOKLYN, NEW YORK, ON FEBRUARY 3, 1860.—[SEE NEXT PAGE.]

LAUNCH OF U. S. STEAM CORVETTE "RICHMOND"

This fine vessel, the last of five of a similar class added to our navy, has been for months ready for the water; but not till now has the order been given to launch her. At a quarter before noon on the 26th of January she entered her destined element in splendid style, at Norfolk, Virginia, amidst the plaudits of thousands, who covered the decks of the surrounding vessels, and filled every "coign of vantage" on *terra firma*. The ceremony of christening was gracefully performed by Misses Robb and Berryman—the latter a daughter of the distinguished sounder of the Atlantic and pioneer of the ocean telegraph.

The *Richmond* will not suffer in beauty of model from comparison with any of her sister ships. The following are her measurements: Length over all 259 feet; between perpendiculars, 225 feet, extreme breadth, 42; moulded ditto, 41; draught ready for sea, 16; extreme depth from rail to keel forward, 32; amidships, 28 feet 6 inches, aft, 30 feet 6 inches; displacement at fifteen feet, 2604 tons; tonnage, by register, 1934. Her two engines have each 58-inch cylinder, and 30 inches stroke, with Martin's patent boilers and Sickles's valve. The propeller, of brass, is 14 feet in diameter. Her mainmast is 90, foremast 84, and mizen-mast 73 feet long; main-yard, 84 feet; and other spars in proportion. Pierced for thirty, she will mount but sixteen guns, all of 9 inches. Engines and all are ready for her, and she will soon be fit for a cruise.

There are now five new steamers at the Gosport yard—gratifying evidence of Uncle Sam's awakening attention to the enlargement of his steam navy. An unprofessional man may be indulged in one reflection in this connection. One of the first wants of a new ship is a name, and, with her, there is always something in a name. Now we have never seen any explanation of the disappearance from our navy-list of so many of those names which figure, and will always figure, so brilliantly in our history. Where are the *Java*, the *Guerriere*, the *Wasp*, the *Hornet*, *L'Insurgente*, etc., etc.? Poor substitutes, indeed, the *Frogville* and the *Duck River* for titles which are to the sailor's heart as the sound of a trumpet! It is well enough, as a general thing, to enlist local feeling by dubbing our liners (if we ever have any) after States, frigates after rivers, and sloops after towns. But why make the rule so rigid? Why appeal so strictly to neighborhood rivalry, to the exclusion of names of national significance, and identified with national glory? England's practice is different, and hers is a safe example in naval matters. The *entente cordiale* may oblige her to ignore many of her old French prizes; but even the Frenchman will meet at her dock-yards the *Victory*, the *Trafalgar*, and the *Duke of Wellington*; while with us she does not mince matters in the least. Our once-despised "fine-built frigates," the *Chesapeake* and the *President*, are carefully perpetuated. The *Chesapeake*, if we mistake not, was prominent in the late Chinese operations, our alliance in which was solicited. As our gallant Commodore glanced at her flag, he must have given the adage, "Blood is thicker than water," a mental interpretation rather different from that it ordinarily bears.

EXPLOSION OF A STEAM-BOILER IN BROOKLYN.

We engrave on the preceding page the explosion of the hat-factory of Ames & Moulton, in Brooklyn, New York, which took place on 3d inst. The explosion occurred at about 7·30 A.M. The loss of life already ascertained is six killed and fifteen injured, many of them mortally.

The buildings extend from Nostrand Avenue, near Myrtle, to Sanford Street. The main structure is 200 feet long and 25 feet wide, with a building adjoining, on the east side, 30 feet square—both buildings of brick, and three stories high. The boiler was on the ground-floor of the latter building.

The precise cause of the explosion can not be definitely ascertained, as the engineer is killed. It is supposed, however, that the water-pipes were frozen, and, a large fire being built, steam generated so quickly as to cause the catastrophe. The engine-room and the centre of the main structure are a mass of ruins.

The noise of the explosion was heard a mile distant, and such the force that the houses in the neighborhood shook to their foundations. A portion of the boiler was impelled a distance of 250 feet.

A general fire alarm was rung, and the firemen and police were promptly on the ground and commenced tearing away the rubbish. They succeeded in extricating all who were supposed to be underneath. The dead were taken into the sizing department, where all were recognized up to noon, except one. The injured were taken to their residences or to the hospital.

The bodies of the five men who were killed were laid together in the planing room, where they were identified by their friends.

About two hundred persons were employed in the building, of which from fifty to seventy-five were females. It being some time before the hour to commence work, but few, comparatively, were there when the catastrophe occurred. Five girls only had entered, and perhaps thirty men and boys. Had the explosion taken place one hour later the loss of life would have been frightful. Dozens were approaching the building from different directions, and some were just entering.

A young man John Higbee (killed) had applied for work some days before, and was told to come this (Friday) morning. According to engagement he reported himself and sat down before the boiler to warm his feet. He was launched into eternity a moment afterward. The body was bruised into an indistinguishable mass, and his father was only able to recognize him by a defect in one of his feet.

A BROTHER'S STORY.

Madge and I—sister and brother—were alone in the world. Father and mother had sought the spirit-life, leaving us here without a friend to whom we could lay the claim of kin. Father had been stricken in high health and robustness—cut off as the scythe cuts the stout stem. Mother—gentle, sensitive, frail—had lain down her life after, with that quiet relaxing of grasp through which death has stolen the name of sleep. We were quite alone—Madge and I.

She was but a child—only fifteen. I was just within the pale of legal manhood. We leaned toward each other entirely now—clasped our hands closer, and loved one another more fondly than ever before. Not that the former love was less, but this was greater.

Another shadow came creeping over us. I was becoming blind. First a lessening of the glare of light and a dimness of vision; then indistinctness of outline; then confusion of objects; then—utter gloom. Beneath the aeronaut the earth sinks away till its forests and hills and cataracts are gone, till at last thick clouds intervene and all is lost but indefinite and illimitable space. So to me it seemed that life was gliding away, leaving nothing but existence—a simple void.

Extinguish the light in your drawing-room of an evening, and after the first dense blackness will come creeping into view the larger and more clearly-outlined, and then the lesser objects, till, in a little time, not many of them will be lost to you. So from the first entire extinction of the beautiful sense of sight, came gradually back, through other avenues, the same sweet scenes of life—vailed, it is true, but full of pleasantness, and scarcely less rich in suggestion than before.

As I have said, Madge, when I lost sight of her, was but fifteen years of age. Not beautiful, as we estimate beauty. Mentally mature, but in form and feature unperfected. A brunette. I remembered, in my blindness, that her hair was very smooth and black; her forehead not massive, but finely chiseled and suggestive; her hand soft and warm; her eye—*that* was the distinguishing feature of my sister Madge. It could never be painted. Even the sun failed to catch its rich and varying light. Looking into her eyes, you looked into depths—floating, viscid crystals—black, coal-black, brilliant, melting, soft, piercing—all within the compass of a glance. I have seen eyes nearly dry—so void of liquidity as to suggest artificial lubrication; but Madge's eyes were always floating, swimming. And yet my sister had not been called beautiful. Nor was she: there was not harmony between the features of the undeveloped girl.

I had always thought that the adhesiveness of woman, her clinging nature, involved the sense of need—need of protection. And yet as I became more helpless—who so helpless as a blind man?—my Madge clung closer and closer. Protection! I was ashamed of my previous thought. Madge was the oak, and *I* the ivy.

Madge read to me from the authors that we loved—read with the richest voice and most varied intonation. I verily believe that her soul-reading gave me more of the heart of the writer than I could possibly have caught had my own eyes wandered along the lines. Poetry, romance, history, art, politics, all were brought to me through her musical tones. The morning paper enlivened our little breakfast-table. After the early household duties, Madge gave me what she called "the heavy reading of the day." After dinner, romance. After that, poetry. At the tea-table, the evening paper. By candle-light, a "medley." Between whiles she talked to me, or, with a sister's delicate tact, gave me time to muse when the mood was on, remembering that the blind hold the pictures of color and form through retrospective musings.

Madge's power of description was either originally great, or else her habit of word-painting for my benefit and pleasure wrought wonders. She could give me clear pictures of all scenes and objects: even painting and statuary were reproduced, and delicate shades of color and curves of outline were almost as present to my inner sense of sight as in days langsyne.

Madge directed me in the street, taking my arm as naturally as though I had not lost vision, and leading me thus. She learned to drive fearlessly, and thus gave me the exhilaration of carriage-motion and the perfume of meadows and orchards.

Madge took the place of light: saw for me; made me happy in spite of my stupendous loss. And she was as happy as I.

As months and years ran by, making her more and more necessary to me, sometimes the thought of losing her would spring upon me, matched by this reflection: "She is not beautiful, and can not be won, perhaps, from the pleasure of caring for me." Thus the thoughts would rise and be pushed away. But often when, as the evening closed, she would throw herself into my arms to be rocked into sleepiness—Madge was always full of both vivacity and childishness—I felt that I was infolding another Madge than the angular school-girl of my days of vision; and when, passing my hand up to her face, I found her cheeks rounded and symmetrical, touched her full lips, and brushed the long lashes, and when I toyed with her fingers, measured her throbbing wrist, and traced the beautiful contour of her arm, my heart would sink a little. How could I help it? I hope I was not very wicked.

But when I hinted such a possibility, she would press her soft hand upon my lips, and, imprisoning my words, give wings to her own, and tell me over and over again that never, never, never could she be so happy as now, "queen of our little sitting-room, with such a brother to care for." Dear Madge! Young men came often to call on me—me!—to whom she would chat with so light a heart as to set me quite at my ease. But what does a woman know of the life before her?—or a man either, for that matter?

Madge became less airy and rollicking. Not sad; only about her seemed to float a silvery cloud—a soft, dream-like envelope; her sky seemed changed from the sparkling Northern to the soft Italian. She was even more tender than before; passed her hand oftener over my brow, and laid her cheek more carefully upon mine.

One day a stranger called—a stranger to me. I knew the approaching step to be new long before the bell had begun to tinkle. The tread was regular and firm. A deep, rich voice uttered the salutations; and when we were introduced the hand that I grasped met mine with a manly pressure. Madge joined in the conversation, but the tone was new. A subdued, a richer, more liquid tone. I knew then that the depths of her woman nature had been stirred, and that her heart, like the Nile, was overflowing her voice. I felt that, a second time, I had lost my sight! After the first tumult God gave me strength to bear it willingly.

When the "fullness of time" had come I called her to me, and, pressing her to my heart, opened the whole matter—while she lay in my arms as asleep—and told her that I gave her willingly to the stranger. Putting her hand upon my forehead—that was her emphasis—she said, in a clear tone: "I shall not leave you. He can not come to us; I must not go to him." I expostulated; she was firm. I spoke of the omnipotence of love. She, trembling like a leaf the while, gave precedence to love *and* duty. It was all in vain. The "stranger" went to his home; but I knew that, in the months which followed, Madge and he were, in a sense, together.

A year had departed. Madge and the "stranger" had sustained their waiting betrothal, but there was no change in her purpose. One morning a glimmer of light shone into the chamber of my eyes. I fell upon my knees, prayerfully, and without the power to rise. As days and weeks went by, the light increased slowly but certainly. Oh, how I prayed for the gift of actual vision!—less for my own sake than for hers—while I kept the precious secret in my heart, though it seemed ready to burst with the imprisoned joy. The outlines of objects came; then color, shade, and tint. I saw! Madge, the beautiful, queenly Madge, was pictured a thousand times before she had suspected that I saw the first shimmer of light.

I can not tell how I broke the sweet news, for I do not know. I remember tears, sobbings, smiles, caresses, laughter, light, and joy.

The "stranger" came again. And when, at length, Madge threw her arms about me with her joyous "Good-by," she whispered a thought in my ear which made it, she said, almost easy to leave me. But no matter about that.

The marvelous return of sight had been wrought, under God, through the skill of a young oculist in whose hands I had placed myself, enjoining strict secrecy, lest Madge might be lifted upon a wave of hope only to be dashed down again.

OUR PET.

The way we became possessed of Our Pet was this. The uncle with whom I and my brother and sister lived, the kindest and gentlest of human beings, had a great fondness for animals, and brought us up in the same praiseworthy sentiments. He had some nice horses in his stable, five poodle-dogs, and a proportionate variety of cats; and we loved them all dearly; but a feeling had somehow arisen among us, and was not to be repressed, that the family happiness was incomplete without a monkey. How to get one was the difficulty, for my uncle would not hear of low barrel-organ monkeys, who wore kilts, and had no manners; and a gentlemanlike monkey, accustomed to good society, was not easily met with. At last, a lady living a few miles off, wrote to offer my uncle hers, as it had grown so intolerably mischievous she could keep it no longer. Nothing daunted by the pleasing character awarded to it, my uncle cheerfully accepted the gift. Jacko arrived, was duly admired, petted, and put to bed in the stable, the warmth of which he seemed greatly to enjoy. Next morning my maid came to dress me, looking very much as if she had just been on board a steamboat in very rough weather.

"What is the matter?" said I.

"The monkey, miss," said she. "He's a wulgar beast. I can't abear him."

"What has he done?" said I.

"Done, miss?" said she. "If you'll believe me, he's a settin' on the door-step a eatin' a live snail for his breakfast. Ugh!"

It didn't sound nice, certainly; but hunger brings us acquainted with strange mouth-fellows; and I supposed the poor darling hadn't been properly taken care of; so I hurried down stairs, and found him chained to the fender in the dining-room, and the servants just coming in to prayers. My uncle began to read a chapter. Jacko, finding it dull sitting there, with nobody noticing him, and nothing to do, gave a sly pull at the tail of the black poodle lying near him on the hearth-rug, just to see how he would take it—as a pleasant way of beginning an acquaintance.

"Gro-ow-owl!" said the poodle.

"Jacko, be quiet," said my uncle.

"Haunk!" said Jacko. It was a peculiar sound, something like a groan, that he made; unlike the speech of any other monkey, or of any created being I ever heard. My uncle went on with the chapter. Jacko gave another sly pull.

"Gro-ow-owl!" said the poodle.

"Jacko, be quiet," said my uncle.

"Haunk!" said Jacko; but finding that, for some inexplicable reason, my uncle did not intend to send a book at his head, he amused himself during the remainder of prayers by pulling steadily at the dog's tail, hand-over-hand, just as a sailor pulls at a rope, eliciting melodious music from the unhappy dog, angry, but perfectly useless ejaculations from my uncle, and a series of choking fits from the assembled household, who could hardly be expected to view such an exhibition unmoved. After prayers my uncle observed that he "rather thought he would settle Master Jacko to-morrow." From that time forward, during prayer-time, he was always chained, rain or sunshine, to the door-steps, where, when he had once beheaded every flower within his reach, he could do no more mischief beyond vulgarizing himself hopelessly with live snails.

But to return to his first day among us. After breakfast at which he got a great deal more cream than his fair share, he was turned loose into the garden, being evidently tame enough and wide-awake enough to his own interests not to wander far from the house. Before luncheon he was brought in and chained again to the fender. The table was already laid, and the servant went to fetch the meat. Crash—crash—crash! In ran my uncle, and found Jacko sitting on the fire-irons like Marius, among the ruins of Carthage, surrounded by broken glass and china, knives and forks, brooks of water and rills of wine, haunking merrily, and still holding in his hand the corner of the table-cloth, which he had pulled and pulled till down it came, with all its contents, on the floor. He got a tolerably sound thrashing for this exploit, but he did not seem cowed by it. The moment the table was relaid he began to shout for his beer; and nobody could have any luncheon in peace till he got it. After luncheon he was turned out again to wander at his own sweet will in the garden, and I went to my music-lesson. Presently the cook put her face, purple with suppressed rage, in at the door, and asked me to come and speak to her in the passage. I went.

"If you please, miss," said she, with ominous politeness, "what would you please to horder for dinner?"

"Dinner?" said I, helplessly; "didn't my uncle order dinner before he went out this morning?"

"Yes, miss," said she, "he *hordered* it; but 'ow am I to get it, or any think else cumfertable, while that hanimal is a-roaring and a-rampaging about? He come into the kitchen ten minutes ago, and of course we runn'd away, along of being frightened; and when we come back if he 'adn't been a-writin' of his name a hinch deep in the cold jelly for the soup; and he's heat up the pie, and a flask of oil, and a pot of pomatum, and a blister; and now he's a hairing of hisself on the top of the 'ouse with your music-master's hat."

"Oh, Kitty," said I, clasping my hands, "if your master hears all this Jacko will have to go."

"Like enuff, miss—him or I," she answered, grimly.

But being a good-natured woman at heart, and much attached to "the fam'ly," I at last prevailed upon her to bury the matter in eternal silence, and returned to my music-lesson. Having gained this important victory, I was at leisure for minor considerations, and was so much distracted by weighing probabilities as to whether it would occur to Jacko to bring the hat down again or not, that when Mr. Mellon said, "My dear young lady, you are playing all wrong. What is that large, open note?" I looked at it nervously, and said "a monkey" instead of "a minim."

Shall I ever forget that meek little man's face when, on going away, he asked for his hat, and was informed by our Jeames, with the utmost gravity, that "the monkey had took'd it to the top of the 'ouse, Sir; but they've sent for a chimbley-sweep to fetch it down."

That functionary arrived in due time, and got the hat. I waited for Jacko in the garden with a glass of sherry, his favorite refreshment; and while he was drinking it, being rather exhausted with the excitement he had gone through, he allowed me to put his chain on, and I led him quietly away.

Monkeys certainly have very strong likes and dislikes. There is a particular style of person they can not endure. My sister Georgina is one of these Pariahs of monkey civilization. No monkey who ever came across her could endure her for a moment, and least of all our own Jacko, though she is generally considered a pretty enough sight to look upon. However engrossing his occupation might be—whether he was eating his dinner, or going to sleep after it on my lap, or teasing the dogs, or peaceably engaged in a *chasse aux puces* among the tangled forests of their long curly hair—it was all the same—the moment she appeared he was seized with a convulsive shudder all over, and made a frantic dash at her as far as his chain would allow; then, when he found he really could not get at her to bite her nose off, he would retreat on the fender, and execute a war-dance among the fire-irons, gnashing his teeth, rolling his eyes, flinging wild yells of rage and defiance at her, and saying, as plain as monkey could speak, "She makes me sick; do, do take her away." She never provoked him in any way; on the contrary, she was studiously deferential and timidly polite to him; and I dare say that was partly the reason why he behaved so ill; for I think monkeys are rather like lovers—a little wholesome severity, not to say harshness, is good for them, and keeps them in their proper places.

One morning my uncle, coming down to breakfast, was greeted by Jacko with such excessive urbanity and overacted delight that he guessed there must be something wrong; and, looking sharply round the room, saw that there was no butter on the table, and that Jacko held one hand carefully behind his back. My uncle slowly advanced, eying him stealthily; Jacko, loudly protesting how charmed he was to see him that particular day of all days in the year, still kept his hand behind his back. My uncle came close up, still eying him fixedly. Jacko, seeing there was no help for it, with a back-handed jerk threw the butter into the grate, crossed his hands in his lap, and sat smilingly serene, as a good man roused from peaceful slumber. "Jacko, you shall be licked!" said my uncle. He understood perfectly, and in his terror made such a horrible clatter with his chain among the fire-irons that my uncle began to unfasten him, that he might thrash him in peace and comfort. But Jacko was too quick for him; the moment he was free he sprang up the chimney, and sat singing in the soot. His triumph was short. He for

got he had a *tail;* and my uncle, cautiously putting his hand up the chimney, caught the tip of that tail, and brought him down, squealing and yelling, to receive his deserved punishment. Another time we found the breakfast-room so full of feathers that we thought somebody must have been plucking a goose there; but it was only Jacko, who had contrived to reach one of the sofa-pillows, and had been unripping it for his amusement. It was a great satisfaction to our feelings when he nearly choked himself with two or three feathers that had got into his cream; and then he glared vindictively at us, as if we had done it!

Things went on in this way for some months—Jacko perpetually getting into scrapes, and perpetually being forgiven—when a change came o'er the spirit of the family dream. It was arranged that we should go and pay a visit to my brother, the clergyman. Jacko was to go, too, for change of air.

Well, we went to see my brother. Never shall I forget that day's journey. We woke and found ourselves famous. It seemed as though the intelligence of our approach with our queer retinue was telegraphed along the line before us; for whatever station we alighted at, we instantly became the centre of a group of admirers. Jacko's admirers consisted entirely of boys of every age and degree of respectability, from mamma's darling with blue eyes and curly hair, going home for the holidays, in his best jacket and trowsers, to the seediest urchin of the streets. Big and little, they clustered round like bees, flattening their noses against the hamper that contained Jacko, though there was nothing to be seen but two eyes that glowed like burning coals. However, it seemed to afford them unlimited satisfaction; and I heard one little fellow say, in an awe-struck whisper, to a small confederate, "Them's the ladies as belongs to the monkey!"

"The longest day, live till to-morrow, will have passed away." This trying day was over at last, and we arrived at my brother's village. Jacko was received in any thing but a flattering manner. As he was being taken out of his hamper at the door, a parrot, swinging in its cage opposite, bristled up all its feathers at him, and screamed out, "Get out, you snob!" Jacko, a true philosopher, was no more depressed by this undeserved contumely than he had been elated by the triumphs of the morning. "Haunk!" said he, and devoured all the out-door grapes he could reach, while waiting for a more substantial supper. Presently my brother's dog, the most sagacious creature I ever saw, came out to meet us. It was curious to watch his astonishment at the sight of Jacko; he walked round and round him, sniffing; then gravely sat down on his haunches, to examine him at leisure; then gently bit the end of his tail, to see what he was made of, seeming to say, "You are very odd; you are the oddest thing I ever saw; but I am monarch here, and as long as you don't bite I will befriend you." A touching friendship sprang up between them; the dog would hardly stir without the monkey; and it was quite pretty to see them playing together like two kittens, Jacko putting his head quite fearlessly down the dog's enormous throat, and bullying him in every way, as if he were a human being.

Jacko soon signalized his arrival at the rectory by coming out in quite a new light—as a moral reformer. He prevailed upon an old woman to go to church, who had withstood every description of clerical battery for years. No amount of blankets, or pounds of tea, or persuasion, could induce her to set foot inside the church. Once I went to her, armed with tea and sugar and a convincing tract, and bored her to such a degree that at last she turned upon me. "Don't tell me. Young uns goo to church fur to shew thur bunnets; old uns, fur to goo to sleep. I'se sleep varmer here." And feeling secretly guilty of a certain new bonnet, trimmed with blush-roses, I slunk off. But fools rush in where angels fear to tread: Jacko succeeded where many a curate had failed. When Good Friday came round, all the village went to church except this old woman and Jacko, who, prowling up the street, spied some hot cross-buns in her window for sale. They did not remain there long; and he settled himself comfortably on her pump-handle to enjoy his feast. Presently the old dame came out to get some water, and seeing Jacko, fell down in a fit. When restored to consciousness by her neighbors, she solemnly assured them that she had with her own eyes seen the devil sitting on her pump, eating hot cross-buns. "Naw, dame, naw," said John Tarbut, pork-butcher and oracle to the village; "'t couldn't ha' been the devil thees't seen; t' devil would ha' been afeared to eat hot cross-buns; they'd burn his mouth like. Thee must ha' seen a cretur very like the devil, what parson's sisters play wi'." "Eh, man," returned the irritated dame, "thee thinks a' the world's fools but thysen. Dost think I doan't know the devil when I sees un?" And nothing would persuade her but that she *had* seen the old gentleman himself, and that he would certainly come again "to fetch her," unless she mended her ways. Accordingly, she came regularly to church from that day forth; and from that day forth Jacko was known in the village as the young ladies' devil.

Now there is a confidence that I wish to make to an enlightened public. I will tell the truth, humiliating though it may be to my hero. Jacko didn't marry; and he didn't die; he "emigrated;" which is polite English, I believe, for describing the fate of people who "leave their country for their country's good;" who are transported, in short. His tricks were so incessant, and so very unclerical, that he kept the village in a perpetual state of hot water, besides earning for my brother an unenviable notoriety as the "parson what kept the devil." So it was settled in family conclave that he must be parted with; and though I could then guess what the feeling of Brutus must have been when he sacrificed his sons, I was forced to submit. A friend sailing for the West Indies agreed, as a favor, to take him with him; and we have never heard of Jacko since.

CROFUT ON SKATES.

THERE they were, all bundled into a four-horse sleigh, waiting for me, shouting for me to "Come down, Crofut!" It was "Our Skating Club," of which I was Secretary and Treasurer, and my Atalanta was among them; but, although I had been waiting for them, I didn't rush with joy to the window to say, "Coming!" I wanted to go, and I dreaded to go. The fact is—let me confess it in my first paragraph—that I am not a good skater: indeed, I may say that I am a miserable skater. I never should have joined the club if Atalanta hadn't said, "Do, Charley—I mean, Mr. Crofut!" I wanted to go because she was going—a good reason, you'd say, if you knew her; and I didn't want to go, because all the rest of them made fun of me. Whenever I fall, which is frequently, they laugh; they say they are sorry for me, but that they can't help laughing. Banks, of Boston, is always particularly sorry for me, aggravatingly sorry; tells me to "Toddle up!" in a patronizing, gentle, affectionate way, that makes me mad enough to bite his head off; but I know it would only make the matter worse to betray my enraged sentiments; so I smile. Then there's Helen, of Troy, the tall, the thin, the acutely yet blandly sarcastic Miss Helen, who delights to carom the sneers on Atalanta, which she means to have hit me. Is there any creature more peculiarly hateful than a smart, spiteful, jealous woman? And Helen is plainly jealous of Atalanta, whom every body admires; as my dear friend Banks knows full well, when he ventures to flirt, even faintly, with the rival of "her Highness." Banks don't attempt it off the ice, but there he knows he can safely snub me, and I submit simply because I can't keep up. Not that she encourages him! Oh no; she's an angel!

The sleigh was open and omnibus. Atalanta sat at the entrance. She narrowed her skirts, and with one of her winning smiles remarked, "Here's room!"—simple words, but capable of an interpretation both blissful in the present and hopeful for the future.

Five and a half miles of unalloyed joy! Banks and Helen sat nearest the driver, and we were sheltered from them by a dozen of merry-makers. The vehicle was so crowded that our elbows touched; also, our feet were temptingly contiguous; wolf-skins protected us, under cover of which my angel allowed me to press her little hands. She smiled upon me and said, How glad she was I came! She encouraged me, Let them tease, I should soon rival the fastest of them. And how nicely she managed to be so personally kind, and yet to be joining all the while in the general glee. I feared at the time that we should be noticed, but have since surmised that the other couples might have been similarly engaged. Omnibus-sleighs, and wolf-skins, and contagious proximities tend to a general, but only superficial, merriment, which overfloats an undertow(e) of private and particular flirtation.

Under these ameliorating circumstances I forgot past failures and disgraces, forgave my enemies, and felt kindly disposed toward the whole human race. I even looked forward to future successes: the time would come when I should no longer distrust the treacherous divergence of skates; the time would come when—"Ah! blissful when!"—when I could claim the right to have and hold the little hand I pressed in mine, perennially, not slyly, as now, under cover, but openly, in the sight of all men—especially of Banks, of Boston.

But now we were nearing the lake, and there came over me a sense of the transitory nature of mortal delights. Measure pleasure by miles, in sleighing time, and how fleetly it flies! I clung to the rapturous present with a closer grasp of that little hand; and when they all screamed, "Here we are! There it is!" I did not look up, but I saw in mind that cheerless expanse of ice—miles and miles of glazy, glary ice—and I shivered within, grew gelid at heart, the while I tried to chatter a smile as my contribution to the general rejoicing. How I hated the sight of that frozen lake! Scene of awkward trials and ridiculous failures, of sprains and strains, of bumps and thumps, of sneers and tears—yes, even of tears, for I had actually wept the silent tear there, in vexation at my invincible awkwardness.

My frame of mind was become so frigid that I could hardly limber my lips into a smile, when my Atalanta, approaching me at the lake's edge, with radiance in her eyes, and her skates in her hands, said,

"Help me buckle 'em on?"

This was indeed a gleam of sunshine. She had never asked me before. Always that hateful Athenian, Banks, assuming superiority in such matters, had contrived to secure the doing of the delightful task. Now it was mine; and I bestowed a lingering care upon each little buckle.

Oh, dainty, dainty boots! Oh, ankles round and small! Painters and poets may rave of that dim horizon line "where sky and water meet," but to my eye no line of beauty is so perfect, so enchantingly beautiful, as that which marks the upper edge of blackest kid and the lower edge of snowy stocking!

And now she is off and away! Would that McLenan might see her, and catch with his fine pencil-point her symmetries of shape and motion! Erect, and with scarcely an effort, she glides along, skimming the surface like a yacht before the wind. Muff, and skating-jacket, and closely-fitting hood give her an upper compactness, with which the undulations of her flowing skirt make graceful contrast. Her colors, too—scarlet and gray, with segments of "Balmoral," and glimpses of something brightly white beneath—I grow selfish as I am charmed by them, and would have no other eyes than mine enjoy their dazzlement.

Now she increases the speed of her flight. Her skate-irons ring as she spurns the humming ice. With the swiftness and grace of a bird she glances along.

Now slowly she circles her course, and returns, leaning, with alternate swervings, from side to side—scanning "the poetry of motion" with smooth Iambic rhythm. She comes nearer and nearer; I can see the roses on her cheeks, and the smile she is bringing me. She sweeps a circuit, and rounds to at my landing, exclaiming, between breaths,

"You won't say that Helen can beat me!"

"Say!" I could say nothing. I was speechless. Had my thoughts found words, I should first, I think, have submerged the Helen beneath the thick ice of my scorn, and then have offered my Atalanta my heart and hand, my fortune and fur-coat, my gloves, skates—every thing. In spirit, I dashed out to meet her; in body, I stood still, though my very skates seemed inspired with a passion for hers, and slipped uneasily forward. So I was silent—wisely postponing my "pop," hoping for opportunity to do it more gracefully upon *terra firma;* for suppose I had slipped and tripped, or had stumbled and tumbled! Think of it!

"Come," she said, "let's go out and join the rest. Give me your hand!"

"No, thank you," I replied. "I was just thinking of offering you my hand, but not for that purpose. (How charmingly she blushed!) I'm going off to practice by myself."

So she spoke kindly and encouragingly, and I thanked her with all my heart, and she sailed away. Then I straggled off alone to a distant, quiet bay, and began my old experiments in bifurcation.

Voila! I am at practice! I remember the "spread-eagle" wherein Banks excels, and am performing a humble imitation. Yet I fear to attempt it, lest never again shall be re-united my twin-born Londoners; as they separate in venturous essay, I trust only in the strength of my tailor's stitching—for if that fails me, then inevitably a dissolution of the union.

Vira! I have spread—not the eagle, but Crofut.

A stands for Atalanta. Shall I adventure it? May I attain the joy of displaying to her the successful result of a determined, heroic effort in her behalf and honor?

Courage, mon enfant!

BUMP!

With quadrupedal exertions I regain the perpendicular, and I resolve to attempt, in future, only the simpler experiments. I can at least improve my speed; *Andiamo! Corraggio!* Never say die!—I straggle, I straddle, I gesticulate unmeaningly, I emulate the graces of a wooden-jointed doll, I trip at nothing, and fall at full length.

My utter disgust with myself is not at all mitigated as I see in the distance the mazy involutions of my friends and hear their cheerful voices. I can distinguish them by their colors, and as I try to identify them— Do I see clearly! Is that Banks skating with my Atalanta, hand to hand, face to face! Are they waving their arms in the Spanish dance! Thus does he improve my absence; and she—but no, she's an angel. And yet she can not but prefer his easy skill to my stiff clumsiness. But oh, "my soul is dark!" What would I not give to be among them, inferior to none, superior, even by only a little, to that baleful Banks!

Zip! zip! zip! zip! I heard behind me the swift strokes of an approaching skater, and turning around, saw, close at hand, a youth of rural aspect, who seemed on the point of running me down; but he stopped, miraculously, yet so near me that we stood face to face. I may have assumed a trifle of hauteur in expression, for I was not pleased to find my chosen retreat invaded by a stranger, but the fellow was not to be easily abashed.

"Hope I don't intrude," he said; "the pond belongs to the town, I b'lieve."

"No intrusion, Sir!" but before I had well ended the sentence he was off like a shot, and I forgot my brief annoyance as I gazed at his superb skating. A "country gawky," plainly, his outgrown garments giving view of bare wrists and blue stockings, but he could skate! His speed was amazing, absolutely. Banks, our best, couldn't hold a candle to him. And when he came nearer, as if willing to display himself, I looked with wonder at the exhibitions of his skill. What graceful movements, what sweeps and curves, what bold, far-reaching strokes to right and left! And then his caligraphic dexterities, his fanciful delineations, his monograms and curly-q's, his letterings, from A to Ampersan! In spite of butternut color and brass buttons, I thought of Mercury, and almost looked for the wings at his heels.

An acquaintance with this rustic occurred to me as being desirable. If he could teach what he knew, I desired to learn; I would pay liberally for instruction from such a master of the art. I addressed him with mellowed manners, and after bestowing some well-composed compliments upon his skill, confessed my own clumsiness and begged the favor of a few lessons.

"Hain't got no time. Father won't let me stay above an hour, anyhow, 'n' I wanter skate."

"But if I should send your father a dollar bill, wouldn't he excuse you for staying a little longer?"

My friend smiled, hung his head to either shoulder in turn, and admitted that the money "might make a difference with the old man." So we began.

"What you want fust is not to be afraid. Take hold o' my hands and strike out; don't you be afraid o' fallin', only strike out, like a good un!"

I grasped his hands; he skated backward; I followed. It was like holding on by a locomotive, sixty miles an hour. I couldn't "strike out" nor think of it; I could only hold on and follow him. I persuaded him to move more slowly, for at that rate I was learning nothing; and at a moderate speed, with frequent hints and encouragements, I seemed really to be gaining. When left to myself, on trial, I was conscious of greater confidence than I had ever enjoyed before, and became more hopeful as I got bolder.

"'F you only had a different pair o' skates, you'd do better. You can't learn easy on them. The runners is too short, an' too narrer, an' a gret deal too sharp."

I examined his. They were of homely construction, fastened to his big feet mainly by leather strings, but the irons were sensibly shaped, I thought. My friend pointed out their peculiar excellences: "broad an' flat in the middle, you see, to stan' on easy, an' hollered jest a trifle, fore an' aft, to give you a purchase ag'inst the ice."

I asked him where he got them.

"Wa'al, father he's a blacksmith, an' he forged the runners out o' a couple o' old files, an' I made the woods myself."

I asked to try them on; he consented willingly, and helped me gordianize the knots of the "luthers:" together we got them on firmly, and I started. To my surprise and delight I found that I could move easily, even rapidly, upon them.

"Try the long strokes," said my tutor; "don't fiddle so!"

I obeyed him, and, with increasing boldness, soon attained a pleasing success. It was an entirely new sensation to me, the feeling at ease upon skates. The accomplished skater, I suppose, is as unconscious of his skates as a bird is of its wings. I began to appreciate this unclogged freedom of foot, and became slightly enraptured with my new experience in locomotion. Jonathan noticed my joy, and shouted to me.

"*That's* the kind! You're gittin' on *famous! You'll* do on *them* skates! Kinder *like* it, don't yer?"

Whether my Yankee friend had an eye to a bargain or not, with his allusion to "*them* skates," I am not sure. I bought them, and at a price which gave him an amazing content. After agreeing with him as to farther instructions for the next day, my Mercury returned to Vulcan and the paternal blacksmith's shop, with a five-dollar bill in one of his hands and twinkles in both of his eyes.

It was now getting rather late in the afternoon, and I bethought me of returning to join my friends. Should I surprise them with my proficiency, or scrape back on my old skates, and reserve the surprise until it should be more complete? As I stood looking toward the distant swarm of merry skaters, debating the questions, I observed a seeming commotion among them; they suddenly grouped themselves together and were bending forward, as if some one had fallen; their voices were hushed; the nervous, hurried movements of those at the circumference of the circle betokened an accident. I gazed earnestly for Atalanta's colors, but in vain; I could distinguish most of the others, but the familiar gray and scarlet was out of sight. Could she be *hurt* in some way, never mind how! I started with a dash. The distance which separated me from them was nearly half a mile, but the ice was good, and, thanks to my teacher and his skates, I could now start for such a stretch with confidence. But I gave little thought to the distance, or to my new facilities for passing it; I was off, yet though anxiety for my Atalanta had taken an alarmed possession of me, I could not but notice with what easy fleetness I flew. I thought not so much of my means of motion as of the motion itself; this was exhilarating. With winged heels, quick breath, and bounding pulse, I stretched ahead with a speed which amazed me, and fully realized the merit of my mentor's first maxim, "What you want is, not to be afraid!"

As I approached the group I heard Helen's sharp voice:

"Water! she's fainting!"

Some one, then—Heaven grant, not my Atalanta!—was seriously hurt. I forced my way among them, and there she lay, her head in Fleta's lap, and one of her feet, from which dangled a broken skate, cushioned upon a pile of muffs. How pale she was! How beautifully pale she seems as now I recall the picture; eyes closed and hair thrown back, motionless, marble-like. At that moment, however, I gave no thought to picturing.

"What is it?" I asked, hurriedly.

"Only the ankle sprained," some one replied.

"Will no one bring some water," exclaimed Helen again. "Mr. Banks! where's Mr. Banks? Oh! do somebody go and get some water! she has fainted away!"

"'Water!'" remarked the incompetent Banks, "I'd like to know where she'd have me get 'water' when the ice is at least two feet thick!"

Whence inspired, I can't tell; but *snow* occurred to me, and I dashed toward the shore. In a few seconds—we were not far from the bank—I came back with my cap full; Helen dashed it in her face, and presently she revived; the dear eyes opened, and with what delight I leaned forward and caught the first gleams of restored intelligence! I fondly thought that something more than intelligence beamed forth to meet my anxious glance; but soon the exquisite torture of her dislocation brought the shadow of pain across that blessed face, and I could only turn away to hide the dampness at my eyelids. But something must be done: she must be carried home.

"Come, you gentlemen"—it was the bright Helen who spoke—"what are you going to DO? She must be removed from off this ice, or she'll catch her death of cold. Banks!—no: *imbecile!*—Charley Crofut, you are worth something [I made obeisance to the reigning queen with really a sincere respect for her as a sensible woman, although severe]; you just tell us what's to be done."

My wits flew variously for a moment, then I suggested,

"Put some shawls under her, if she can bear to be moved, and cover her well. I'll go and get a sleigh."

I remembered a farm-house not far from the foot of the lake; surely I could find some means of conveyance there. Away I went.

Jonathan is right. I print the maxim for the benefit of beginners:

"*Strike out, and don't be afraid!*"

Fear, at this juncture of my experience, did not occur to me to think of. I zipped along telegraphically, yet not fast enough, it seemed, as I thought of the dear one for whom I was exerting myself. Let no one of my readers be incredulous as to my rate of speed, who has not known the inspiration which impelled me.

Amos Perkins was not at home; but Mrs. Amos

was, and so was the horse and sleigh. I hardly waited for her leave, but, banging into the barn, stirred up the sedate animal within in a summary manner (considering the season), and had him "tackled in" before he well knew what it all meant. The sleigh—have you never seen a Connecticut country sleigh of the antique pattern? Then I can't describe the vehicle, I'm in a hurry.

"Gee up, Dobbin!"

And Dobbin geed up rather. No road to the edge of the lake, and the crusted snow two or three feet deep, you can fancy what a billowy ride I had. But once on the ice, and I soon learned the capacities of my animal. He knew oats; we weren't long in arriving at the scene of disaster.

That ride home! That ride home! Fleta went with us—a cousin of Atalanta's—and took care of the sufferer. I drove, as Dobbin could testify had he power to tell. Yet I often looked over my shoulder at that dear, patient pale face, and received, as often as I looked, a smile which— There is difficulty in rendering smiles into English, do you know? So small a percentage of my readers, however, will fail to understand exactly what might properly follow the "which" which antecedes the dash above, that I won't trouble myself with an attempt at translation. A smile in Kamschatcan means the same precisely as a smile in Patagonian. Dialects differ, but the *lingua d'amore* is the same the world over.

Do you know, my reader, the beatific loveliness of the smile which conquers pain and lightens up the pallor of a sufferer's face? Then you can appreciate the happiness with which I applied the whip-cord to Dobbin's back between the brief intervals of retrospect: you can sympathize with me; you will not be in the least surprised to read the necessary *dénouement* of my essay upon "Skates:"

We are married.

ST. VALENTINE'S MORNING, 1860.

ST. VALENTINE'S MORNING.

OUR lady readers will be glad to have the above pretty picture, which tells the story of St. Valentine's morning. We are not going to inflict upon them, after the manner of historical journalists, a strictly classical and accurate account of the institution of St. Valentine, with a biographical sketch of the worthy old presbyter, St. Valentine himself, who never did any thing that should have rendered him an object of anxious solicitude to virgins and youths, but rather on the contrary, by getting himself beheaded, set them an example which they will do wisely to avoid. Every body who read *Harper's Weekly* last year and the year before (and where is the civilized person who did not?) learned all that is good and requisite to know about valentines and St. Valentine's day. We shall therefore content ourselves by directing our fair readers' attention to the engraving; to the sweet young lady who, so calm and unmoved that she can not surely be in love, is receiving a most expensive valentine from the roguish child in the centre of the block, and does not dream of the arrow which the rascal Cupid is aiming at her from his invisible heights; to the bad boys who are peeping through the door to see how the girls like their valentine; to the fair lady's-maid of the olden days of chivalry, who is handing her mistress's valentine to her lover—who, for obvious reasons, receives it on the point of his lance; to the affected *minauderies* of the marquis of Louis the Fourteenth's age, kneeling, with anxious and excited face, at his charmer's feet.

If it be necessary to add any thing, we would draw their attention to the following new and appropriate lines:

CUPID'S COURT.]

A youth before Cupid at court once was brought,
Saith the Judge, "What's the reason of this?"
"Be merciful, Judge; I stealing was caught."
"Caught stealing?"—"Yes; stealing a kiss."

"Confessed then the fault?" spoke sternly the Judge,
"Let us see what the Scriptures have said:
'An eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth,'
For a kiss no penalty's laid."*

"The Scriptures your law?" in joy the youth cried;
"Their judgment I'll gladly obey;
'Tis '*one* wound for a wound, *one* stripe for a stripe,'*
But 'the thief *seven-fold* shall repay.'"†

We hope that every young lady reader of *Harper's Weekly* will receive at least one handsome Valentine; that it may come from some one whose name she can guess; and that when they next meet the audacious writer or sender may be soundly punished for his boldness.

* See Exodus, xxi. 25. † See Proverbs, vi. 31.

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The New Partner

IN

"CLINGHAM & CO., BANKERS."

BY FITZ HUGH LUDLOW,

AUTHOR OF "THE HASHEESH EATER," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER VI.

A FEW FRIENDS.

IT was thought best, on all accounts, that little Filkins should execute the spirit of the partner's behest not to be recognized at Cheswick by keeping in-doors at Ernest's lodgings. The latter had a most substantial supper prepared and sent up to his rooms, of which his guest partook with such a natural freedom from embarrassment as seemed to indicate that responsibility was not bad for him. After which Ernest went forth to attend the party at the rooms of Mr. Todds, cashier.

Mr. Todds had taken up his abode with the highly refined and sensitive Mrs. Dilks, upon seeing in an advertisement that that lady was open to such a proposition. He was not such a spoon, as he would have readily told any body that desired the information, as to bite at that part of the paragraph which dwelt luxuriously upon "all the comforts of a home;" the "estimable and Christian family" was all gammon—the estimableness probably consisting in the very flattering opinion they indulged of themselves, and the Christianity being restricted to hints not to fence or make experiments in secular music with Saxe Horns on Sunday, when the pious members of the household wished to—sleep. The advantages of the place consisted almost entirely to Mr. Todds in neighborhood—the man with the freestone steps next door having formerly owned a grandfather who owned nearly all Cheswick when it was first settled—and the old lady, with brass knobs to her railing, directly opposite, being the mother of a Congressman, a gentleman retired with a handsome fortune from bottled lemon beer, and two younger sons who had enough to live on even if they had done nothing but sleep, eat, and drive their own horses—which they therefore did do.

It was to this house that Ernest Beckford bent his way. It was a tall brick edifice, very red in the day-time, as if blushing to the eaves with the self-consciousness of its own awful gentility; and even now he seemed to tell it from any other building by a sort of lurid glare, which fancy saw it shedding through the darkness of that warm and moonless June night. Sounds broke upon Ernest Beckford's ear, as soon as the door was opened, from the elevated region of third pair back. To say the least, it seemed as if animated discussion was going on in the room of Mr. Todds.

Thitherward Ernest mounted, and, knocking at the door, was ushered in, with a pleasing hilarity of manner, by Mr. Todds, and introduced by that gentleman to the various guests whom he had not known previously, and who were chiefly representative of the mercantile interests of Cheswick, and the sporting class in general. "Mr. Beckford, Mr. Mixer. Mr. Beckford is a gentleman from Clingham & Co.—pecuniary, like ourselves—find him a valuable friend, perfectly reliable, secured by pledge of public stocks, heh, Beckford? Ha, ha: Mr. Mixer is of a house that's our large customer—he's in oil-cloth, door-mats, too? No? I'm surprised—really, I thought door-mats."

Mr. Mixer—a gentleman recognizable particularly by a most elaborate cravat pattern, and who, before Ernest entered, had been showing Mr. Todds, with the gloves on, how it was that Figg hit Solomons when the last named worthy departed this life, threw the dexter glove upon the floor, and extended his hand with a most gratifying frankness—saying, "Glad to know you, Sir!"

It was chiefly, however, his physical prowess which enabled him to do this so fearlessly, for the rest of the young gentlemen about the room came up to be presented to Ernest with very much the same cheerful alacrity and air of making an agreeable acquaintance that characterizes an assembly of youthful sinners, who behold a doctor of divinity coming to talk to them. "Evidently," thought Ernest, "I am not especially an encouragement to our friends' gayety. But I believe I will stay, and 'make the best use of my time.'" It is surprising how very awkwardly sporting men will sometimes permit themselves to feel, in spite of those free-and-easy characteristics of which they boast themselves so much, in the presence of a very quiet and gentlemanly person, who, though coming among them as into a new life, feels no embarrassment at all.

Ernest Beckford saw the chill he had thrown over these young friends whom he desired to fill with every possible degree of rejoicing. Not being at all a selfish man, though a very self-respectful one, he was anxious to relieve them as well as his entertainer from the embarrassment into which the arrival of a person who was not "one of our fellows" had thrown them.

He accordingly turned to Mr. Todds, and said, "May I borrow your gloves a moment? You box, Mr. Mixer? Yes? May I have the pleasure of a little exercise with you?"

If Mr. Mixer had heard the same proposition made by the steeple of Trinity Church he would have placed as immediate confidence in his own ears. But before he could murmur an expression of surprise Ernest stood before him on guard; he picked up his right glove from the floor rather by instinct than from any true understanding of what was happening, put it on, and made a feint. At the next moment what fistiana would call a well-directed chin-chopper took Mr. Mixer off his feet, and extended him in a sporadic form over the floor. He picked himself up, slapped Ernest upon the back, and told him he was a dem'd fine fellow. After which the utmost hilarity and good-fellowship was restored to the circle. It was the shortest way to put Mr. Mixer at his ease to knock him down, and all his friends felt with him.

Mr. Todds had prepared his guests for a "muff;" "they were to make it pleasant to him, for reasons of policy, and not to shock him." The guests all now set this down as one of Todds's jokes, and greeted Ernest as a great accession to the jovial circle of Cheswick.

Ernest; a gentleman named Mangles, fat, fair, and forty, and who, from the exuberance of his nature and the height of the mercury, had stripped to his immediately extra-cutaneous garment, and was gradually making his way out of that as the hilarity of the evening advanced; Mr. Bradby of the Bank, and another person whose true identity must now ingloriously sleep forever, as history has not handed down the baptismal name which he prefixed to Smith: these four made up a party, and sat down to play old sledge. Seated at another table were three gentlemen more, who preferred euchre of the peculiar subgenus known as cut-throat, and a few others still continued to fence, box, or pour the festive song. Mr. Todds, as entertainer, amused himself with seeing every body comfortable, and meanwhile brewed a very large tin-pail—begging that the inaccessible bowl might be excused—of iced punch. This compound being at last effected, tasted, and pronounced excellent, was circulated freely in tumblers, mugs, and small cups, of those all sizes and patterns which prevail in bachelors' lodgings.

It began to have its effect. Little by little the interest in the various games began to flag as the more comprehensive sympathy for universal creation grew on the company. At last Mr. Mangles, the large gentleman in a shirt, in a fit of brotherly enthusiasm for Ernest, against whom he was playing, and who had just trumped his two-spot with the Jack, declared he could be at enmity no longer with him, even in sport, and falling upon his neck, began to impart to him tearful confidences from the unsullied pages of early childhood.

One by one the distinct groups broke up, and a ring was formed about the table on which the punch pail stood. The enthusiasm of the young gentlemen who, during the previous part of the evening, had preferred harmony to antagonism, spread through all the circle, and beautifully various, both in subject and school of execution, were the musical efforts of the amateurs in that direction. To the great astonishment and mortification of all, Mr. Mangles, who had been overwhelmed, as we stated, with reminiscences of primitive innocence, persisted in trolling to the very lugubrious and see-saw melody of Ortonville, a ballad which he recollected to have been his favorite in Sunday-school. Whereat Mr. Bradby, with whom cheerfulness now assumed the high-jovial and bellicose aspect, being very much chagrined, he interrupted Mr. Mangles by sundry questions, suggestions, and snatches of more profane melody, in a manner highly derogatory to that vocalist's powers, and productive of no little unpleasantness of feeling.

Thus Mr. Mangles. "Permit me, L'diesndgenlmn, to awake a harp which on the Bab—on the Baby—which has long hung on the Bab'l-nish willows. 'Twas strain 'f m' childhood.

"'Birds in their li'll nes' 'gree
But t'sa shock'gsight—'"

MR. BRADBY. "I deny it in toto! 'Tisn't a shocking sight. It's a remarkably pleasant sight to see birds in their little nests agree. I'll stand up for the birds. I'm a bird. I was brought up with 'em. And any body that says it's a shocking sight again, will do it over my dead body!"

MR. MANGLES. "I repeat it,

"'Birds 'th'r li'll nes'agree—'

I say it 'n th' authority 'f Doctor Watts."

MR. BRADBY. "What's Watt?"

MR. MANGLES. "Watts's name!"

MR. BRADBY. "Don't repeat my words, Sir! Won't stand it if you are drunk, and very much ashamed I am to see you so. What's his name?"

MR. MANGLES again (in a subdued voice, as if yielding to force of circumstances). "I said Watts, 'ndsayitgain, Watts!"

MR. BRADBY. "Excuse him; he's a beast. I'll sing something of my own:

"'In the good old Colony times,
When we all were under the King,
Three roguish chaps—'"

MR. MANGLES (reviving and very forcibly). "And '*tis*shockigshight!"

There can be but little doubt that the very next moment would have seen Mr. Bradby's tumbler of punch wasted upon the outer instead of the inner side of Mr. Mangles's physical economy, had not Mr. Mixer, who saw how nearly things had come to a crisis, very adroitly picked up the said utensil as Mr. Bradby was reaching for it, and finished it himself. Which effected a diversion in favor of Mr. Mangles until he could be laid upon the settee. There was now abundant room for Mr. Bradby's song, which consequently shed itself abroad to his own intense satisfaction, and the more or less delectation of every body else.

Prominent among the most excited admirers of the bard sat Ernest Beckford. With feet and hands, with mug now quite drained, with fist upon the hard mahogany, he signified his applause uproariously.

And Todds, cashier, looked upon him with an approving smile, based upon the hypothesis that he was getting "beautifully tight." Then cast a glance of triumph upon Mr. Bradby and the first book-keeper, M'Dowlas (whom we have not mentioned before, and perhaps shall not mention again, because he never did any thing worth mention; not even to get drunk with a comical originality, but rather stupidly and incapably so), as much as to say, "I told you so! I was the man who really appreciated Beckford; see him disclose—splendid!"

Song followed song; applause became more and more excessive; and the large tin-pail, whose centripetal attraction kept the ring around it in hilarious revolution, got lower and lower.

Mrs. Dilks, meanwhile, sat upon the hardest of hair cushions, in the stiffest of upright arm-chairs, in the back parlor two stories down. There were two floors between her boarder and his guests and herself; but these floors were not impermeable to sound. Which fact caused herself and two maiden daughters, who were nearly as old as herself, to experience those emotions which persons mature and grave have a singular tendency to feel when in suspense, as to whether the house is coming down on their heads.

Mrs. Dilks had just arisen, and, in a manner of extreme yet dignified and self-sustaining acerbity, was about to ascend to the room hired by Mr. Todds, with the final admonition prior to "calling the police," when a ring came at the door, which, as it was just in her way, she opened without the five minutes of probation, and, all smiles and sunshine, behold Mr. Luke Green stands before her!

"Oh, don't show me up, ma'am! Spare yourself, I entreat you! I know the way perfectly—making frequent visits, as you are aware, upon these young persons of the Bank. Ah! how young people need fatherly superintendence!—how one feels for them! Great responsibility, ma'am—great; duty only enables us to sustain it. You are a mother, I believe?—yes. So I thought: you can understand me, then. Oh, spare yourself, I pray! I can go just as well without a light. Good-night, ma'am!"

In less than a minute thereafter the lightest of taps summoned Mr. Todds to his door to let in Mr. Luke Green. Let him in, sure enough, upon a singular scene! Mr. Bradby had been elevated upon the table in an old Boston rocker, and, with a rolled-up newspaper for a baton, was leading an orchestra consisting of all the rest of the young gentlemen, except Mr. Mangles, who, still occupying a recumbent position, made a very excellent bass-viol, and gave forth some very voluminous notes from the lower register, elicited by a foil in the hands of Mr. Mixer. The other instruments were supplied by clothes-brooms representing violins, the backs of chairs as harps and psalteries, and the now emptied punch-kettle doing service as a snare drum. The opera was one never before performed as such on any boards—Vilikins and his Dinah.

Every body except Ernest ceased as Mr. Green disclosed himself; and he, with mock solemnity, requesting the audience to sustain talent and listen to a solo on the double-action grand chair-back, even if the other performers *were* so drunk they couldn't go on, continued to send forth from his throat roulades of the most penetrating melody, and stopped when he got ready.

"Very drunk," observed Mr. Green, turning to Mr. Todds, with a sad shake of the head.

"Very!" returned the gentleman addressed, in a peculiarly sprightly and pleasant manner. "By Jove! didn't think it was in the fellow!"

"Really it is too bad, though, Mr. Todds," added the Bank superintendent, in a desolate tone. "This young man came here with the best of recommendations, and look what you have made of him. Bad as Mr. Filkins already. Ah! how evil habits infect even the most innocent. Sad boys, sad boys!"

"Guess it won't hurt him," curtly answered Mr. Todds. "If he's been drunk before, he's used to it; if he hasn't, why he'll do it better next time. That's my philosophy. If a man can't be a brick sometimes what's he live for?"

"At any rate," said Mr. Green, addressing himself to the company at large, "may I ask, for Mrs. Dilks's sake, that the harmless mirth of our young friends take a form less auricularly demonstrative? The excellent woman whom I have mentioned, after a most laborious day, was about making a visit upon this room as I came in; and nothing but my representation to her of the extreme care which she owed to her health prevented her from so fatiguing herself. Doubtless it would be also disagreeable to you to have her take that pains." Then, turning to Mr. Todds, he added, *soto voce*, "Suppose you propose a return to cards—as a slight sedative, you know."

As requested, the cashier suggested, with all the quiet which he was capable of, making allowance for the tenth iced punch, that it might be an agreeable variation of the hilarities of the evening to resume cards. The suggestion appeared to receive general favor, and even Mr. Mangles arose from his resting-place, said that he felt perfectly right, notwithstanding that it was his general conviction still that birds in their little nests agree; and sat down opposite his former enemy, Mr. Bradby, in a game of old sledge. The other two who made up that set were M'Dowlas and—oh! it was discovered that a fourth was wanting. Would Mr. Green play? suggested Mr. Bradby. Oh, Mr. Green thought he had better not—they could make up the set without him. No? Positively would no one fill up the game? Well, then, just to oblige, he would take a hand, though it was not his usual custom.

As he said this he looked out of his ordinarily placid, steel-gray eyes, with a sharp, quick glance aside at Ernest, which would have kindled punk, or any thing drier and more impressible than that unfortunate young man was just at present. With a sleepy, unwinking stare he returned the compliment; at the same time drawing his chair up—in a feeble, half-discouraged sort of way—to a place where he could look at the game.

By this time Mr. Todds had bestirred himself, and was ready with another pail of iced-punch. Tumblers, mugs, or cups, all around, and mutual healths to begin with. Mr. Green just sipped, shooting another flint-spark glance at Ernest as he did so, which that young man evidently noticed not in the slightest.

The game went on at the table near which Ernest was sitting, and meanwhile the remainder of those in the room had organized themselves into various groups, one playing euchre, another whist, and a couple of gentlemen amusing themselves at bluff upon the settee. Presently Ernest nodded more and more, and finally leaning his head upon the post of the door by which he sat, was evidently asleep. On the table in front of him Mr. Bradby laid down a five-dollar bill. It was directly covered by three more, and the game went on.

"King for high—no ace out—here is the Jack—and two-spot for low—counts me three. I was three the last time, and had the Jack

"AND POLITELY HELD OUT FOR THE INSPECTION OF MR. GREEN HIS OWN WHITE BUT SINEWY MAN'S FIST."

time before—seven. The game is mine, I believe."

This might have been said by some men in a way to provoke all the losers to frenzy. I have known of a loser who, hearing it said, lifted the heavy arm-chair on which he had been sitting and pitched it into an elaborate ormolu-framed pier-glass twenty feet high, necessarily to the somewhat damage of that expensive article. But in the present instance it was uttered with a touching ease, delicacy, smoothness, a freedom from triumph on the one hand, or condolence on the other—a perfect lulling placidity and passive force, which lubricated the passage of the stake to the winner's wallet, so that it seemed in the very nature of things as possible for a stick to swim *up* the glassy gyre of a whirlpool's funnel, as for that twenty dollars to have been swept into any other hands than Mr. Luke Green's.

There was not a murmur from any of the losers. There was not the slightest unusual motion on the part of any body.

And Mr. Luke Green supposed that he alone was the repositor of one secret. He, together with a being who, in the present day, sometimes keeps our darkest secret with us for so long that we even dare to fancy him our accomplice because He does not speak out at the instant. Who but Luke Green knew how the Jack, the King, and the two-spot, all came into his hand at the same time—who could declare that he saw the cards stacked? There was no one behind him—so he thought, more in thoughts than words—then his steel-blue eye shot another spark over his shoulder—oh! with one exception, that Beckford. How fortunate that he was drunk, poor animal!

Several times the same thing happened, the punch all the time circulating—every body drinking pretty deep, except Mr. Green, who must be excused, as he never had a strong head. At last Mr. Mangles grew tedious, and was accordingly assisted to assume a reclining posture upon the settee, as before.

The noise occasioned by this little episode aroused Ernest Beckford. He rubbed his eyes, stretched himself, and seeing the vacant seat of the late regretted Mangles, expressed a desire to become his successor.

Another glance of the steel and flint fire. Not paying any attention to it or to the subject of an answer to his request, he sat down dreamily in the empty place, tugged confusedly at his pocket-book, drew out from it a bill, and laying it down in a very irresponsible and bibulous manner, said, "Drive ahead, old fellow!"

"Awful drunk," murmured Mr. Bradby, approvingly.

Mr. Green's only answer was to send another dart of the steel-blue fire in Ernest's direction, and draw a deep sigh, gazing woefully at Todds and Bradby. The game went on, and Ernest lost his stake to Luke Green. He swept the next pool himself, and then with the look of one who is beside himself—not haggard, blear-eyed, disheveled—but with a wild, forceful light of decision and sternness in his great blue eyes—his sleepy manner quite worn off by excitement—he slapped down a roll of bills on the table with a blow that made it ring again, saying, in a voice that seemed as fearfully calm as Green's,

"There is one hundred dollars; your whole wallet can't cover that!" Nobody seemed disposed to try—such stakes were probably infrequently played for, if ever, by most of the gentlemen present. And Ernest sat looking at Luke Green with a face of unmoving challenge.

It was a moment of suspense, great suspense to even the most uninterested in the room; and whether shaken from his usual emotionless balance by the weight of so much notice, or chagrined overmuch before he could control himself, that this fresh stripling should defy him, Luke Green took his wallet from his pocket, and laying it on the top of Ernest's stake, said, "There it is! And here's to its better acquaintance with your $100." So saying, he flung down a small trump. He was secure enough, he had stacked again.

"Does this hand decide it?" said Ernest.

"Exactly, my young friend," was Green's reply. "Our other gentlemen don't choose to play on these stakes, and you recollect we were five and— I suppose I may show my hand to our friends who have left the game?"

Ernest bowed, and Green, indulging a sardonic look of triumph which he was betrayed into by his bad angel, and contrary to all his previous habits of reserve, flourished a spread of cards, which all bore the trump mark, over his shoulder, where Todds stood nodding approvingly.

"Your play, if you please, Sir," said Mr. Green.

"Precisely," was the very calm reply of Ernest. "You have shown the hand that you *think* decides it; permit me to show you the hand that I *know* does."

So saying he rose from his chair, threw down the cards he held on the table—not a trump among them all—and politely held out for the inspection of Mr. Green his own white but sinewy man's fist. Before that worthy could recover from the surprise natural at this eccentric demonstration, this good right hand of Ernest's had taken in its gripe his own notes and Mr. Green's wallet together. The next instant and they were altogether in his inside breast-pocket. The door was just behind him; one long, agile, backward spring brought him to it, and before a single arm of all that paralyzed company could be stretched out to bar his way the door was locked on the outside, and Ernest was down the stairs, had opened the front door and shut it behind him.

FULL OF LIFE.

So full of life is Ceylon that the great forest trees disappear almost instantaneously after they have fallen to the ground, being reduced to dust by the white ants and beetles. Let a man come near with a gun, and a palmyra palm shall seem to have no creature in it, when there is a flock of monkeys in possession, hidden cunningly behind its leaves. But let a dog follow, and the desire of all the monkeys to look at the dog will set them peeping.

There are two kinds of the graceful little Loris or Ceylon sloth, a creature that can move so stealthily as to come unawares on a bird, and seize it before the alarm of its presence has been given. Its large bright eyes are prized by the natives as charms or love potions, and it is said that they extract them cruelly by holding the little animal to the fire until its eyeballs burst. Equally cruel is the mode of taking tortoise-shell from the hawksbill turtle, by which it is supplied to commerce. If taken after death the shell is clouded and milky. Therefore the turtles are seized as they repair to the shore to deposit their eggs, and are hung over fires until heat makes the desired plates start from the bone to which they are attached. Then the miserable creatures are allowed to escape to the water, and so strong is the instinct at the period of breeding that the turtles are found to return again and again to the same spot, though at each visit they may undergo a repetition of the same torture. At Celebes the turtle is killed by blows on the head, and the shell is detached by use of boiling water. Indifference to the sufferings of animals is a characteristic of the Ceylon natives. Disciples of Buddha, who account it a crime to take life, are dead to any sense of pain they may inflict. Pigs, with their fore and hind legs tied together by a cord, are carried dangling on a pole, screaming with pain. Fowls are brought to market from long distances, hanging by their feet, and ducks are carried by their heads, with their necks bent to stifle their cries. Worst of all is the sale, by Tamil fishermen's wives, in the Jaffna market-place, of turtle meat scooped from the living animal, which lies on its back with its beating heart bare to the sun and to the knife which cuts away fins, fat, and pounds of flesh, usually leaving heart and head to be the last pieces selected. The heart still beats, and the mouth snaps, when the shell is nearly emptied of all its contents.

The swarm of life in Ceylon includes a multitude of bats, who form one of the features of the evening landscape. Of many forms and sizes, they abound in every available cave, gallery, bungalow roof, or other place of shelter. They hang to the trees. At sunset out they fly, and chase the moths even about the lamps upon the dinner-table. One bat has a growth like a leaf at the end of its nose. One glossy black little bat, not much larger than the bumble-bee, will alight on the dinner-cloth, and show no great terror at being caught under a wine-glass.

In the depths of the forest the most formidable fellow is the bear, who digs for roots, feeds on the ants, and accounts nothing daintier than honey. A bear, found by a traveler growling over his breakfast in the early dawn, was seated on a lofty branch, thrusting portions of a red ant's nest into his mouth with one paw, while with the other he endeavored to clear his eyebrows and lips of the angry inmates, by whom he also was bitten. In time of great drought bears slip into wells, and, unable to climb back, frighten away the women who resort to the wells for water. The bear is, in Ceylon, a solitary and retiring beast, using his immense strength against man only in self-defense; then he endeavors to fell his assailant by a blow upon the head, and, when he has him prostrate, makes his attack first upon the eyes. The bears also attack fearlessly the rude dwellings of the Veddahs, for the honey forming the chief store of these poor people. The post-office runners, who always travel by night, carry torches, that the bears who see them coming may avoid their path.

The only sort of tiger in Ceylon is a leopard, or cheetah, who is, in fact, the true panther, and he is much less feared by man than the bear. There is a variety of him, sometimes met with, that is not spotted, but altogether black. He haunts the pasture land in quest of deer and cattle. There is a belief among the people that when a leopard has brought to the ground a bullock, he will not return to feed upon it if it fall, in dying, so that the right side is undermost. The Ceylon leopard is hunted, trapped, or caught in a cage baited with a kid. He is strongly attracted by the smell of small-pox. This disease, as the natives shrink from vaccination, spreads fearfully among the villages. Rude small-pox hospitals are made in the jungle, and to these the leopards are so certainly allured that special heed of them is necessary.

Of the jackals there is a native superstition attached to a small horn, called Narri-combo, which sometimes grows on the head, hidden by a tuft of hair. Cingalese and Tamils alike hold this jackal's horn to be a talisman, which commands for its owner the fulfillment of all wishes, and which, if lost, invariably finds itself again for him. On the other hand, the European superstition concerning the ichneumon, that it uses some plant as an antidote to the bites of the serpents upon which it preys, is here rejected.

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